

# THE DIAL

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## THE USES OF BOOKS.

Those who have written in the praise of books, from Richard de Bury and Petrarch to Emerson and Carlyle, have mostly been content with the assumption that books are meant to be read. The other use of books, that made by the student, who considers them as the implements or apparatus of his work, has been largely ignored by such eloquent panegyrists of literature as those above named. In spite of an occasional suggestion, such as that made by Bacon when he tells us that "some books are to be read only in parts," the second function of literature has been left for the modern bibliographer fully to recognize, and even he has by no means reached as yet the general consciousness of the intelligent public. Dr. William Frederick Poole, the veteran librarian, whose faith and works have gone hand in hand for nearly half a century, has done as much as anyone among modern bibliographers to call attention to the uses of books for reference rather than for reading, to their employment as intellectual tools rather than as means of mere gratification. The subject has been recalled to us by a little book just published by Dr. Poole, and a few remarks upon so interesting a theme may not be inappropriate.

Dr. Poole's book is a university address, and has to do with the relations of the library to educational work. Its essential plea is thus stated: "I wished to show that the study of bibliography and of the scientific methods of using books should have an assured place in the university curriculum; that a wise and professional bibliographer should be a member of the faculty and have a part in training all the students; that the library should be his classroom, and that all who go forth into the world as graduates should have such an intelligent and practical knowledge of books as will aid them in their studies through life, and the use of books be to them a perpetual delight and refreshment." All this is admirably put, and we give it the most cordial assent. But possibly the author does not quite realize the extent to which the aims which he thus outlines have already reached fulfilment. Although he gives due credit to the bibliographical work done in some half a dozen of our leading universities, he is

evidently still haunted by recollections of his own student years, when "Yale College Library might as well have been in Weathersfield or Bridgeport as in New Haven, as far as the students in those days were concerned." Certainly the state of things in which "books, outside of the text-books used, had no part in our education" no longer exists in any American college having any standing at all. At that time, we read, books "were never quoted, recommended, nor mentioned by the instructors in the class-room." To-day, it is safe enough to say that in our higher institutions of a progressive sort, books of reference are mentioned, quoted, and recommended to an extent that must help compliant students to enter into the feelings of a Strasburg goose. And in the *Seminar*, rapidly becoming naturalized in our better universities, the work done is almost wholly of the sort that Dr. Poole pleads for.

Yet it would be possible to progress one step further in this direction, and the gist of Dr. Poole's address may be found in what he says upon this point. The class-room lecture, with its frequent references to the literature of the subject dealt with, and the graduate *Seminar*, which brings the student into actual contact with that literature, and sets him to delving in it, are praiseworthy as far as they go, but their effect (from the bibliographical standpoint) remains special, and therefore incomplete. Dr. Poole dreams of a time when the student may be given the keys, not only of his own subjects, but of all others that he may possibly at some time in the future wish to make his own. Not, we are told, "that he should learn the contents of the most useful books," but "that he should know of their existence, what they treat of, and what they will do for him." And the author goes on to say: "He should know what are the most important general reference books which will answer not only his own questions, but the multitude of inquiries put to him by less-favored associates who regard him as an educated man. If a question arises as to the existence, authorship, or subject of a book, an educated man should know the catalogues or bibliographies by which he can readily clear up the doubt. The words Watt, Larousse, Graesse, Quérard, Hoefer, Kayser, Hinrichs, Meyer, Hain, and Vapereau should not be unmeaning sounds to him. He should know the standard writers on a large variety of subjects."

There is no doubt that a certain amount of this sort of knowledge would prove a useful

equipment to the educated man, whatever his specialty; and there is likewise no doubt that the process of getting it for one's self unaided is a laborious task. We believe, with Dr. Poole, that every university having a library should also have a librarian, and that cataloguing and custodianship should be but a part of his duties. His rank as a member of the faculty of instruction should be undisputed, and he should act not only as a general adviser to students, but also as the teacher of his specific subject. He should be both a competent professional bibliographer, and a man of the broadest general culture, familiar with the outlines of many subjects, and conversant with the literature of the languages of culture. From such an instructor the student might get a knowledge of the resources of the general library sure to stand him in good stead upon many occasions, and by such a colleague even the department professor might often be directed to sources of information that would have escaped his own search. The true function of the university librarian has already been apprehended in some of our higher institutions of learning, but he claims a far more general recognition than has yet been accorded him, and we are glad that Dr. Poole has given us this opportunity to supplement his own vigorous and convincing appeal made in behalf of the bibliographical educator.

**MAXIME DUCAMP**, member of the French Academy, died in Paris on the ninth of this month. He was born in Paris February 8, 1822. When a young man, he made a journey in the East, which he described in his "*Souvenirs et Paysage d'Orient*" (1848). In the insurrection of 1848 he fought in the ranks of the National Guard and was decorated. Sent by the government upon a second Eastern journey, which occupied the period 1849-51, he returned to write of his experiences in "*Egypte, Nubie, Palestine, et Syrie*" (1852), and "*Le Nil, Egypte, et Nubie*" (1854). He devoted the following years to the composition of poems and novels. In 1860, the conservative of 1848 had become radical enough to take part in the Sicilian expedition of Garibaldi and the Thousand. This was written up in his "*Expédition des Deux-Siciles*." Another volume of travel, "*Orient et Italie*," appeared in 1868. His greatest work, "*Paris, Ses Organes, Ses Fonctions, et Sa Vie*" (1869-75) fills six volumes. Next in importance is "*Les Convulsions de Paris*," a history of the Commune, in which he again figured as a conservative, and earned the hatred of the radicals. He was a realist in art, and as a student of history and society had pronounced affiliations with Taine, who held him in high regard.

***ENGLISH AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.\****

In a small college a professor of English is called upon to give instruction in three or four distinct subjects,—in the use of the English language, ordinarily termed rhetoric, in the history of the English language, in the history of English literature, and often also (if he should happen to be ambitious) in the history of the development of the more important literary forms (the drama, for example, and the novel) in other literatures as well as in English. In a large college, and in a university where much graduate work is carried on, these four subjects are divided among different professors, each of whom, whatever the title of his chair, in reality gives instruction in those divisions of the subject in which he takes most interest. At Columbia College we have a Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition, Mr. George R. Carpenter, with several assistants. We have a Professor of English Language and Literature, Mr. Thomas R. Price, and an Adjunct Professor of English, Mr. A. V. Williams Jackson. We have also two Professors of Literature, Mr. George E. Woodberry and myself.

In the department of rhetoric, Prof. G. R. Carpenter and his chief assistant, Mr. Baldwin, lecture to the lower classes on the principles of English composition. As the best way to teach students to write is to have them write freely and frequently, they are called upon to express themselves on topics in which they are interested and often of their own choice. Their written work for other professors is often submitted also to the instructors in rhetoric. These essays are criticised by the instructors in private talks with every individual student. The general tendency of the instruction is affirmative rather than negative. In other words, instead of telling the student what he must not do and of dwelling on the faults he should avoid, the aim of the instructors is to show him how to express himself easily and vigorously. As this is Professor Carpenter's first year at Columbia, the courses in rhetoric are not yet fully developed; next year they will be enlarged and increased. Certain courses given by other professors really belong in the department of rhetoric. One of these is Professor Price's course (two hours a week throughout the year) on the "Laws of Prose Composition in English." Another is my own (one hour a week throughout the year) on "The Art of English Versification," an attempt to give practical instruction in metrical composition.

The instruction in the history of the English language is as distinct as may be from the instruction in the history of English literature. In the depart-

ment of the Germanic languages, of which Prof. H. H. Boyesen is the head, he and Prof. W. H. Carpenter offer courses in Icelandic, in Gothic, in Middle High German and in Old High German,—all of which would be useful to a student of English philology. Professor Jackson has one course (two hours a week throughout the year) in "Anglo-Saxon Language and Historical English Grammar"; another (two hours a week, half the year only) on "Anglo-Saxon Poetry"; a third (two hours a week, half the year only), on "Early and Middle English from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century." Professor Price has a course (two hours a week throughout the year) on "Anglo-Saxon Prose and Historical English Syntax."

In the history of English literature, Professor Price has three courses (each two hours a week throughout the year), one on "Shakespeare: language, versification, and method of dramatic poetry"; another on "Chaucer: language, versification, and method of narrative poetry"; and a third on "The Poetry of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold." A course on the "English drama to the closing of the theatres (1640) exclusive of Shakespeare" (two hours a week throughout the year) is given conjointly by Professors Jackson and Woodberry. Professor Woodberry gives four other courses; two (each one hour a week for half the year) on "Spenser and the Elizabethan poets, exclusive of drama," and on "Milton and the Caroline poets"; and two (each two hours a week throughout the year) on "Eighteenth Century Literature" and on "Nineteenth Century Literature." This last course considers only British authors, and therefore it conflicts in no way with my own course (two hours a week throughout the year) on "American Literature."

Perhaps these three divisions, rhetoric, English language, and English literature, include all the courses which can fairly be called English; but closely allied to the first and to the third of these divisions is literature,—literature at large, independent of any given tongue, just as linguistics is independent of any given language, and going from one tongue to another, just as linguistics goes from one language to another. In this sense, the study of literature is the tracing of the evolution of literary form and of the development of criticism as masterpieces came into existence. In this department Professor Woodberry has two courses, one (two hours a week throughout the year) on the "History and Theory of Criticism; Plato, Aristotle, Horace, Quintillian, Sidney, Boileau, Dryden, Lessing, Coleridge"; and another, open only to students who have taken the first, on "The Practice of Criticism," a review of the greater works of literature, with specific original inquiries in particular epochs. And I have two courses also, one (two hours a week throughout the year) on "The Epochs of the Drama: Greek, Latin, Spanish, English, French, German"; and another (one hour a week

\* This article is the second of a series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, begun in THE DIAL of February 1, with an article on English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook. The third will be on English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell; and the fourth on English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson.—[EDR. DIAL.]

throughout the year) on "The Development of the Modern Novel," from the *Gesta Romanorum* to *Waverley*. All four of these courses are intended primarily for graduates, and are open only to them and to seniors.

From the foregoing paragraphs the reader can see how fully English is treated at Columbia College, and from how many sides it is approached; and he can judge for himself whether there is any unjust discrimination against either the linguistic half of the subject or the literary. I have to add only that in no course in the history of English literature, or in the history of literature, is any textbook used so far as I am aware. All the professors are agreed in insisting that the student shall get at first hand his knowledge of the authors considered in turn, and that he shall from time to time prepare essays of his own involving individual research.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

*Columbia College in the City of New York.*

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It would be premature to estimate the influence of the "Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies," discussed editorially in your issue of January 16, but it is not too soon to indicate some of its characteristics that justify misgivings. Those happy ones who can forget their *securom agere avom* long enough to become aware of the total depravity of secondary education, and to conceive a missionary zeal for its salvation, should begin by understanding the causes of its present unregenerate condition; yet these causes are just what the Committee and the Conferences ignore. Some of us do not agree that "the most defective part of our education is that of secondary schools"; we believe that it is incomparably the most important and the most unmanageable part, and that we who are engaged in it understand its deficiencies and its difficulties far better than the Committee and the Conferences are ever likely to note them; and we despair of any effectual growth in grace until true causes are recognized and true remedies are applied. Our conviction is that, taking into consideration the relative conditions and proportions—age, maturity, and training on the pupil's side, and independence, facilities, control, incentives, on that of the college—the result in real education as distinguished from technical skill in any given case is more largely due to the secondary school than to the college—a result proceeding from the fact that, in spite of all their peculiar difficulties, from which colleges are exempted, the schools do teach and the colleges do not. In this general connection, the Minority Report of the Committee is very significant as exhibiting the astounding theory of educational values accepted by the Committee and as intimating the haste with which such conclusions were reached.

More potent than defects of method, lack of coördination, and incompetency of teachers, are the "evil times" on which we are fallen. An ever-lessening school-year, multiplying holidays, interrupted health of pupils, "practical" considerations, social distractions,—everything

in the air is against the serious work of schools, public as well as private, provincial as well as metropolitan, with of course some difference in degree.\* Comparisons with the systems of foreign countries are irrelevant and misleading, because they are not thorough-going: in fact, as cited they do not necessarily prove their point. In the United States at present, a forty-weeks' programme anchored to abstractions is a very different thing from a forty-weeks' programme dependent on distractions.

Speaking broadly, and with some exception as to strictly graded schools, secondary education is what colleges have begotten or adopted: colleges have brought the schools to do, and now they flout them too. Some comments and suggestions of the Conferences, whether intentionally or not, imply this recognition; but the Committee of Ten, who, as auditors and interpreters, might have been expected to collect and organize these hints, weighing their significance and pointing the appropriate moral, are too scientific for "traces," too dignified for innuendo, too blithe for self-reproach; and we look in vain for the desiderated *nos consules desumus*. Yet it is absolutely just for schools that have long felt the cramping conditions of college requirements, operating as almost the only definite standards of higher (as distinguished from "practical" or technical) education, to insist on having their results criticised in accordance with the number and volume and character of those requirements as used for examination purposes.

This accountability of colleges is amply illustrated in this document. Of the members of the Conferences, forty-eight were college-men and forty-two were school-men. The easy assumption of propriety in this distribution is enough in itself to show that, in the eyes of our Colossi, we must be underlings even in the measure of our authorized aspirations; but our subserviency is far greater. Of the forty-two school-men, almost two-thirds were principals; so that it is fair to assume that not more than half of the total number of school-men have been actual teachers so recently and so largely, or have otherwise lived in such close and unbroken relations with the real work of teaching, as to be teachers in any true sense. The proper ratio would have been far different: there was need of only enough college-men to formulate their special observations from various points of view of weakness in school-work, their expectations for the proper prosecution of college studies as conceived and designed, their remorse for past ignorance and indifference as to the work and the embarrassments of schools, and their acquiescence in a reasonable adaptation of their own crotchets to the possibilities of secondary education at the present time. Decisions and recommendations of practicability should have been left to actual teachers of tried success as such, disposed by education and experiences and sympathy to aspire even when constrained to temporary contentment. Teaching is a practical matter, with conditions of system and sequence and completeness and repetition and illumination, from one or all of which most college-teachers (though not otherwise as excusable as Lowell in Dante) consider themselves exempted by a change of venue never open to actual teachers, who are accountable to tests they can seldom forecast and often consider irrational, and who are to a great extent dependent on success in arbitrary examinations for livelihood and reputation.

\* "The Sun" of Feb. 12 represents certain New York physicians as insisting that schools should not begin their daily sessions till 10 o'clock.

It is to be hoped that, at President Baker's recommendation, the National Council will hold itself responsible for further investigation of the data furnished by the Conference. Meantime, these remarks are offered from a private school: if this Report has more specific application to public schools and trustee academies, their condition reflects seriously on the recent argument of that member of the Committee who insists on the public supervision of all institutions of learning.

CASKIE HARRISON.

*The Brooklyn Latin School, Feb. 3, 1894.*

#### "THE 'STAR' SYSTEM IN PERIODICALS" AGAIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With the rest of your readers, I greatly enjoyed the article entitled "The 'Star' System in Periodicals," in your issue of Jan. 16. But there is one point waiting to be touched upon, it seems to me; another abnormal development of the "star" system, not referred to in the paper. It wittily describes the contributions of the specialist; but what is to be said when the specialist in one field poaches upon the domain of another? Let the distinguished and erudite Professor Pterodactyl discourse as profoundly and as prosly as he will upon his chosen subject of Paleontology; and let the discussion between himself and the equally distinguished Professor Trilobite wax hot and incomprehensible: there are students of the subject, doubtless, self-disciplined sufficiently to follow on, albeit afar off, with some degree of interest and appreciation. But, sad to relate, some fatal morning the eminent Pterodactyl receives a flattering note from the editor of a prominent Review, containing an urgent invitation to contribute to it a paper upon "The Situation in Hawaii," with an exposition of his views on annexing the Antipodes, and a few practical suggestions relative to queens and the sugar bounty. Upon the self-same evil day the learned Trilobite finds in his morning's mail a polite letter from the editor of a rival Review requesting that he participate in a symposium with three other distinguished gentlemen (they are, it appears, an M. C. from Missouri, a prominent English brewer who happens to be temporarily in this country looking about with an eye to speculation, and a very celebrated major-general who since "the late unpleasantness" has spent most of the time in African travel and exploration) who are to discuss severally and collectively the present attitude towards Realism in Fiction. The editor is certain that the views of such distinguished men upon a subject of so much popular interest cannot fail to suggest much of value to the great reading public of America. These two excellent and, up to this time, entirely respectable professors are at first a trifle shocked by these suggestions; recovering duly, they smile a dreary smile of conscious frailty, ponder, conceive, labor, and are delivered respectively of anomalous and grotesque monstrosities, which, together with similar hapless productions from other sources, disfigure and obscure the pages of the magazines. Now this is very absurd, and should of course be touched upon in any discussion of the "star" system. Many of our periodicals now advertise the name of their contributors rather than the titles of the articles; and the competition of editorship is in some quarters largely a smart rivalry in securing noted names. This is legitimate enough when the author and his work may be identified as related; but to-day, in authorship as in every department of human industry, man's field is *not* the world. Spec-

ulation of course invades the sanctum, and brilliant Napoleon's of editing assure us that there is everything in "a name." Is this a phase of development, or is it a *fad*?

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

*St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1894.*

#### THE DECUMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his recently published letters (Vol. II., pp. 55-56) Mr. Lowell refers to the difficulties of some of his critics in relation to a word occurring in "The Cathedral,"—

"... shocks of surf that clomb and fell,  
Spume-sliding down the baffled *decuman*,"

and attempts the genealogy of the word, finding it in several Latin writers (*fluctus decumanus*), but being unable to name any English author who had used it in this sense. "I think I shall probably come across the word somewhere in English again," Mr. Lowell writes, "where I no doubt met with it years ago. A word that cleaves to the memory is always a good word—that's the way to test them."

It will interest readers of Lowell to note that the word *decuman*, meaning the tenth wave, is given in the new "Century Dictionary" with quotations from two minor English writers. The *locus classicus* in English, however, for the discussion of the phenomenon itself, is in that delightful repository of all questions strange and wonderful, the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Vulgar Errors*, of Sir Thomas Browne. See his works (ed. Wilkin (London, 1878, II., 269-271)), where quotations in illustration of the topic from several more modern writers also are given by the editor. I find elsewhere also a quotation ascribed to Burke:

"At length, tumbling from the Gallic coast, the victorious tenth wave shall ride like the boar over all the rest."

And in Tennyson ("The Coming of Arthur") there is a reference to the ninth wave—a variation doubtless due to the two different methods of enumeration, whether inclusive or exclusive:

"And then the two  
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,  
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,  
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame."

But probably the allusion is not an unusual one in English poetry.

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

*Chicago, Feb. 2, 1894.*

#### A TIME-HONORED MISPRINT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of Jan. 16 a zealous Scotchman uses the word "willie-waught" in a poem in honor of Burns. Alas! our carelessly-printed editions of Burns have deceived one of the very elect. Cuthbertson's Complete Glossary to Burns knows nothing of the word. Mr. William Scott Douglas says in his edition of Burns (Vol. II., p. 175), at the close of a discussion of this "ghost-word": "In short, 'willie-waught' is nonsense, but 'gude-willie' or 'ill-willie' is a compound adjective in everyday use."

The oft-misprinted line in "Auld Lang Syne" reads in the edition of Mr. Douglas:

"And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught."

A. H. TOLMAN.

*The University of Chicago, Jan. 27, 1894.*

## The New Books.

RECOLLECTIONS AND SKETCHES OF  
SOME LITERARY FOLK.\*

Mr. Francis Espinasse's volume of "Recollections and Sketches" forms an exceedingly entertaining and valuable collection of literary memorabilia — perhaps the freshest and best one, all in all, that has come to our notice of late. The author, a Frenchman by blood, a Scot by birth, and a Londoner by adoption, seems to have had a sort of genius for falling in with people who, as Mrs. Leo Hunter phrased it, "are celebrated for their works and talents." Fortunately, a turn for noting and mentally storing up salient personal traits and pungent odds and ends of talk has enabled him to make the most of his Boswellian opportunities in a Boswellian way. Nearly two-thirds of the book are devoted to "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle," the remaining captions being: "The British Museum Library Fifty Years Ago, and After," "Concerning the Organization of Literature," "George Henry Lewes and George Eliot," "James Hannay and his Friends," "Leigh Hunt and his Second Journal," "Literary Journalism," "Lord Beaconsfield and his Minor Biographers," etc. The contents of the volume are based on a series of articles, which appeared monthly in "The Bookman" during the two years from its commencement in 1891. These have been considerably enlarged; and the chapters entitled "Literary Journalism" and "Later Edinburgh Memoirs" are now printed for the first time.

In his opening chapter, which is devoted to Early Reminiscences, the author recounts his boyish impressions of certain celebrities of a past generation, among them Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, and Wordsworth. Of Sir Walter he is at least able to say *Virgilium vidi tantum*, having enjoyed a fugitive glimpse of the author of "Waverley" while a pupil at the Melrose preparatory school:

"One day I was out walking with a governess or other female guardian, when an open carriage, with an elderly gentleman sitting in it reading, and a boy on a pony trotting by its side, was seen coming along a bend in the road, so that we had them in full view. 'Look,' said my companion, 'that is Sir Walter Scott and his grandson.' Look I did at the author of my favorite 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and especially at the enviable boy for whom they were written, to whom they were addressed, and who seemed to me more or less deformed."

\* LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS AND SKETCHES. By Francis Espinasse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Of Campbell he obtained a nearer view. It was during the poet's final visit to Edinburgh, where, as a distinguished bard and a "brother Scot," he was much feted and caressed by the higher order of Amphitryons, as well as by members of the Town Council and the like "bit burgher bodies." One of the latter class, a Bailie, having asked Campbell to dinner, the author, as a lad of known parts and enthusiasm for poetry and poets, was invited to put in an appearance with the dessert, that he might feast his eyes on the Bard of Hope. There seems to have been the usual disparity between the young ideal and the actual:

"The guests were chiefly Edinburgh ministers of the Kirk, one of them being the long-headed, pawky Dr. Lee, then in charge of one of the most important city churches, and afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Among them, and a striking contrast to his fellow-guests, sat the poet, a spruce little gentleman, with finely-cut features, in a gay and talkative mood, which became more so as he made an end of glass upon glass of brandy and water. He told amusing story after story, to the great delectation of his listeners. Young as I was, I noticed that some of the poet's anecdotes verged on the improper, and that in these cases, Dr. Lee's countenance wore an embarrassed look, as if, while bound to smile, he as a cleric felt it to be his duty to look grave. So the evening wore on until Campbell had told his last story, finished his last glass of brandy and water, and it was time for seniors, much more for juniors, to take their homeward way."

It was during a holiday sojourn at Kendal, in the Lake District, that Mr. Espinasse encountered Wordsworth. He made the usual pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, and was amiably received by the proprietor, whom he describes as being then a man of near seventy, hale and erect, and looking, when he had donned his Tam-o'-Shanter bonnet and plaid, like a Lowland farmer of the better class. Of Wordsworth's features, that which struck the young visitor most was his nose — a member massive enough to have captivated Mr. Walter Shandy himself. Altogether, concludes Mr. Espinasse, "His countenance had not to my mind that refinement which is visible in his portraits. . . . Before we parted, something that I said may have betrayed a hankering after a literary life. At any rate, he warned me against it, and spoke of what he had known of suffering among friends of his drudging for and dependent on 'book-sellers.' He advised me to be a 'surgeon.'"

It was in 1841 that Mr. Espinasse was first drawn, as it were, into the Carlylean orbit. He had read with delight the "French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," and the more mystical deliverances on the literature of Germany, and had been led thereby into certain mild dabblings in German philosophy. The upshot of it all was that (despite the ministrations of

"long-headed, pawky Dr. Lee" of the Kirk) he became disquieted about his soul. The half-digested Hegelism, Fichteism, Schellingism, assorting ill with his home-bred Calvinism, brought on a fit of spiritual indigestion, and he determined forthwith to consult Mr. Carlyle as the man best fitted to resolve his metaphysical doubts. Surely, he perhaps reflected, one who had written so finely and prophetically of "the Immensities," "the Silences," "the Abyssal Nothingnesses," "the Eternal Veracities," could say much to the purpose; so he indited a note to the Sage of Ecclefechan asking him plumply "for a solution of the mystery of existence." Nor was the oracle silent. Thomas Carlyle was, perhaps, of all men of his time, the one most profoundly and painfully convinced of the hopelessness of the question so artlessly put to him. But the confidence shown by his unknown disciple was flattering, not to say touching; and to the surprise and delight of the petitioner there presently came a letter, kindly and helpful, though scarcely satisfactory as a "solution" of the "mystery" aforesaid. We subjoin what seems to be the pith of the philosopher's reply:

"It is many years since I ceased reading German or any other metaphysics, and gradually came to discern that I had happily got done with that matter altogether. By what steps, series of books, and other influences such result was brought about, it would now be extremely difficult to say. Few books stand prominently with me above the general dimness. . . . I may say further that after all the Fichteisms, Schellingisms, Hegelisms, I still understand Kant to be the grand novelty, the prime author of the new spiritual world, of whom all the others are but superficial, transient modifications. If you do decide to penetrate into this matter, what better can you do than vigorously set to the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, a very attainable book, and resolutely study it and re-study it till you understand it? You will find it actually capable of being understood, rigorously sequent, like a book of mathematics; labor that pays itself; really one of the best metaphysical studies that I know of. Once master of Kant, you have attained what I reckon most precious, perhaps alone precious in that multifarious business of German philosophy: namely, deliverance from the fatal incubus of Scotch or French philosophy, with its mechanisms and its Atheisms, and be able perhaps to wend on your way leaving both of them behind you. . . . For the rest, let it be no disappointment if, after all study, you do not learn 'what we are'; nay, if you discover that metaphysics cannot by any possibility teach us *such* a result, or even that metaphysics is a kind of disease, and the inquiry itself a kind of disease. We shall never know 'what we are'; on the other hand, we can always partly know what beautiful and noble things we are fit to do, and that is the grand inquiry for us. The Hebrew Psalmist said, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' No Kant or Hegel, as I take it, can do much more than say the like, in the wider, complicated dialect we now have."

That Carlyle's estimates of the British men of letters who were his contemporaries did not err on the side of over-appreciation is manifest in Mr. Espinasse's chapter on his "Literary Table-Talk." Some of the most popular of them were poets and novelists, and Carlyle, despite his reverence for Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul, waged perpetual war against metre and fiction. So far did he carry this dislike (real or feigned) that the author heard him one day grumbling because the pleasure he had hoped to derive from a translation of some Indian drama, by "a man of strong Hindoo genius," had been "spoilt" by a metrical rendering. "Mainly, perhaps," shrewdly observes Mr. Espinasse, "this aversion from poetry and fiction was due not merely to Carlyle's love of reality, but to his own comparative failure in both."

Carlyle did not, it seems, rate Wordsworth very high as a poet, whatever his opinion of him as a man may have been. "Put *Aeschylus* among those hills," he exclaimed, "and he will say something worth listening to!" Mr. Espinasse surmises that his general depreciation of Wordsworth was partly the result of a sonnet of the poet's evidently directed against himself and his "The French Revolution,"\* for he adds,—

"Great as was Carlyle's intellectual integrity, his estimates of his contemporaries, literary and unliterary, were often in a perceptible degree colored by personal feeling."

Certainly, however, no inimical feeling of that kind influenced him in his inadequate rating of Tennyson's exquisite verse. For Tennyson, the man, he had a real affection, "though he liked him as a companion chiefly because, he told me, he found 'Alfred'—thus he always spoke of him—an intelligent listener." Patient and much-enduring "listener" were perhaps nearer the mark. Of the fine "Princess," Carlyle said curtly that it "had everything but common-sense" (a stricture, by-the-bye, which an eminent Frenchman has since passed on his own "French Revolution"), and our author found him, one forenoon,

"Deep in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and full of the story of the dealings of an early Christian missionary with some Scandinavian and heathen potentate. 'Alfred,' he declared, 'would be much better employed in making such an episode interesting and beautiful than in cobbling his odes,' the occupation in which, when visiting him sometime before, Carlyle had found him en-

\* "Portentous change! when History can appear  
As the cool Advocate of foul device;  
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer  
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice," etc.

gaged, and with the futility of which he had then and there reproached him."

Mrs. Browning, it seems, did not take so quietly as Tennyson the philosopher's rather meddlesome protests against verse-making. Having received from him a letter adjuring her to forsake the evil of her poetical ways, she wrote him so touching and sensible a rejoinder that "I had," Carlyle confessed, "to draw in my horns."

For that limb of the "Dandiaca Body," the author of "Pelham," Carlyle evinced much contempt, calling him a "poor fribble," and approving his own plain-spoken spouse's still more vigorous epithet, "a lanthorn-jawed quack." For Dickens, on the other hand, he had much personal liking. He declared that he was the only man of his time in whose writings genuine cheerfulness was to be found, and compared favorably his sunny geniality with the "terrible cynicism" of Thackeray.

Mr. Espinasse notes a curiously characteristic judgment of Carlyle's respecting Ranke—whose elaborate *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte* he pronounced "a complete failure." He had, it seems, once seen Ranke rummaging among the manuscripts in the British Museum, and had noted, with his usual keen eye for personal defects,

"That something, either congenital or the result of external injury, was so much the matter with an upper section of Ranke's dorsal region that he had to link the peccant parts together with an iron hook."

So, agreeably to a pet theory of his as to the bearing of a man's bodily peculiarities upon his intellect, he at once pronounced the eminent Teuton "a broken-backed man," and proceeded to draw inferences from his physical affliction to his book. "Broken-backed man," *ergo*, weak-backed book, seems to have been the not very sequent enthymeme. Oddly enough, in Mr. Carlyle's own case, a kindred analogy is often drawn, the maligned world professing to have found much of the dyspeptic censor's stomach in his writings. Our author himself rather neatly observes, "Much in Carlyle and what flowed from him was, as Goethe said of Schiller, 'pathological.'"

Carlyle's oral criticism on the opening volumes of Froude's History was curt and pithy: "Meritorious, but too much raw material"; while the impression left upon him by Thiers's "French Revolution" was that its author was "a man without a conscience." That his latter-day literary judgments were sometimes at variance with his early enthusiasms is attested

in the case of Fichte—whom he once characterized in his Essays as "a colossal and adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear like a Cato Major among degenerate men, fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discovered beauty and virtue in the groves of Academe." Twenty years later, however, says Mr. Espinasse, when

"He had been reading a new volume in a series of translations from Fichte's works, he pronounced, to my great astonishment, the lauded Fichte of earlier years to be 'a thick-skinned fellow!'"

His appreciation of and gratitude to Kant, on the contrary, remained unimpaired. "Kant," he declared, "taught me that I had a soul as well as a body"—a tribute which, to say the least, was not flattering to the logic of his own pre-Kantian spiritual pastors and masters.

Owing to his prophetic character Carlyle was much tormented by counsel-seeking bores, by all sorts of people asking all sorts of questions with all the confidence shown by Captain Cuttle in the oracular Bunsby. The most pestilent pilgrims to the Chelsea tripod were, we regret to learn, Americans, a fact which led their victim to write his famous sentence about the millions of transatlantic bores who had been brought into the world with unexampled rapidity. One American cleric, our author remembers,

"Half-forced his way into the house to insist on Carlyle's explaining to him difficulties which had occurred to him in studying 'the moral character of Goorty'—such, according to Carlyle, was his pronunciation of Goethe's name. All he got out of Carlyle was a recommendation to restudy, in 'Goorty's' own writings, 'the moral character,' the anomalies of which had perplexed him."

Of A. Bronson Alcott's historic visit to Carlyle we find no mention in this unflattering connection; but he certainly must have pro pounded some "unmitigated staggerers" to the oracle.

From Alcott to Emerson the mental transition is easy; and we shall pass on to our author's capital chapter on "Emerson in England." His manner in the lecture-room, says Mr. Espinasse, was one of perfect serenity:

"To the public success or failure of his lectures he appeared to be profoundly indifferent, a mood to which his experiences in American lecture-rooms had habituated him. He told me, with perfect equanimity, that at home he was accustomed to see hearers, after listening to him a little, walk out of the room, as much as to say that they had had enough of him."

Perhaps the "perfect equanimity" was the fruit of the lecturer's Platonic opinions as to the capacity for higher truth of his vanishing

auditors. Emerson would seem to have chosen, on the whole, rather an odd circle of associates while in England. Before leaving Manchester he gave a dinner party to which he invited "A strange collection of mystics, poets, prose-rhapsodists, editors, school-masters, ex-Unitarian ministers, and cultivated manufacturers, the only bond of union among them being a common regard and respect for Emerson. . . . After the prandial and post-prandial babblement, to which our host as usual contributed nothing, *he gave a serene close to the evening by reading to us his lecture on Plato.*"

It may be added that one of the guests on this hilarious occasion was a vegetarian,—an apostle of what Carlyle once called the "dom'd potato-gospel,"—for whom a separate dinner of herbs was considerately served. The account of this "function" prepares us for our author's statement that the Englishman in whom Emerson seemed most interested was one Thomas Taylor, Platonist and Neo-pagan, a crack-brained enthusiast whom some visitors once found kneeling before a silver shrine of Mercury!

"Taylor lived in Walworth, whither Emerson told me that he made a pilgrimage—the only literary pilgrimage which I knew him to make in London—in search of memorials of this reviver of the worship of the gods of antiquity."

Carlyle used to relate with much amusement an incident reported to him by a friend who had visited "the seraphic man" at Concord:

"Emerson's little boy being very fretful and tearful, the optimistic parent took the urchin in his arms, and said, caressing him, 'I will love the devil out of him.' Carlyle evidently thought that for such an extrusion a sterner mode of treatment would have been more effective or appropriate."

Possibly something in the way of a sound birching would have been the Ecclefechan mode of exorcism.

Mr. Espinasse had a long talk with Carlyle about one of Emerson's Edward Street lectures. "When I spoke," he says,

"Of the high ethical ideal which Emerson held up to us, Carlyle replied that Emerson's ethics consisted chiefly of 'prohibitions.' . . . Mrs. Carlyle was more dissatisfied than her husband with Emerson's ethics. Dilating in his high-flown optimistic way on the ultimate triumph of good over evil, the lecturer went to the length of saying that even when in a haunt of sensual vice, unmentionable to ears polite (though Emerson called it by its plain English name), 'man is still tending upwards,' or words to that effect. Mrs. Carlyle's moral indignation at this statement knew no bounds, and for some time she could scarcely speak of Emerson with patience."

On the much-discussed, if not very important, relations between Carlyle and his wife our author has little to say, but that little is to the point. Men are rarely heroes to their valets,

or, *a fortiori*, to their wives—who enjoy, it will be admitted, even better opportunities for close observation; and the wife, in the present case, happened to have an unusually keen eye for contrasts between theory and conduct. Mrs. Carlyle did not, in fact, always take her dogmatical spouse as seriously as he liked to be taken; and our author notes her readiness to tell "before company" anecdotes of him which made him appear just a little ridiculous:

"Carlyle was full of inconsistencies, especially in the contrast between his doctrine of the sacredness of silence and his own incessant talk. This gave Mrs. Carlyle a handle, of which, when irritated, she was not slow to avail herself, for comment on the difference between her husband's preaching and his practice. Once when he was declaiming against the love of perpetual locomotion, and insisting on the duty of staying where you are, the little lady bowed him out very neatly by citing two lines from his own translation of a distich in *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*—

'To give room for wandering is it  
That the world was made so wide?'

The key to Mrs. Carlyle's occasional petulance, is not, perhaps, far to seek. The author recalls the "emphasis" ("it seemed afterwards a little significant," he adds) with which she once refused his request to sing "Auld Robin Gray."

We have done scant justice to the range and variety of Mr. Espinasse's book, which we once more commend as a capital collection of literary anecdotes and *ana*.

E. G. J.

#### GREEK POETRY AND LIFE.\*

Criticism has long since exhausted the vocabulary of approbation in appraising the successive performances of Professor Jebb. He is the ideal product of the English system of education, and he easily bears away all the first prizes. His faculty of assimilation is unparalleled, and like Mr. Andrew Lang, he has set his mark on everything. He has written the best copy of Greek verses (his Bologna Ode), the best imitation of Tacitean prose, the best book on the Attic Orators, the best Introduction to Homer, the best volume in the "English Men of Letters" series (the Bentley), and the best and only edition of Sophocles. We are waiting to hear that he has given the best University Extension Lecture and made the best speech in Parliament. Meanwhile he sends us a pleasant reminder of his recent visit to this country.

\* THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL GREEK POETRY. By Richard Claverhouse Jebb. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in the shape of the best course of lectures on Greek poetry—the lectures which he delivered in 1892 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. The eight lectures fill one neat little volume. On the fly-leaf the author has set a pretty Greek elegiac stanza, which may be roughly Englished as follows :

Like to a rose that withers in the leaf  
Thy death—the ninth spring's threshold not yet crossed.  
Now to the Muse each spring thy parents' grief  
Offers this wreath in memory of the lost.

A brief preface expresses the desire that this volume may take its place in a series deriving unity from the Turnbull foundation, the series initiated by Mr. Stedman's "Nature and Elements of Poetry," and to be continued next spring by Mr. Norton's eagerly anticipated lectures on Dante.

We have the author's warrant for turning first to the last chapter, on the "Permanent Power of Greek Poetry." It is the lecture which he selected to read before the Twentieth Century Club in Chicago, and for publication in the "Atlantic Monthly." Its leading thought is an idea already illustrated by Professor Jebb in his "Attic Orators." The truth, the variety, the permanent power of Greek poetry and oratory are due in large measure to the fact that they grew up in immediate and vital contact with the life of the people. All other literatures (with the possible exception of the Elizabethan drama) have been produced by a cultivated class, a literary remnant dwelling as sojourners and aliens among toiling millions who knew them not. They have been the expression of schools, cliques, and coteries. The literature of Greece only was truly autocthonous. The poets and orators of Athens could repeat, in respect of the rich soil of human life in which they had their roots, that proud Athenian boast :

All races but one are as aliens engrafted or sown,  
Strange children and changelings, but we, O our mother, thine  
own."

Let not the heralds of a free untrammeled literature of the Mississippi Valley, broad as our prairies and untamed as our buffaloes, derive comfort from this thought. If literature and life are to meet in fruitful contact, the people must come half-way. The average man whom the Athenian poets and orators addressed surpassed in mental power, according to Mr. Galton's estimates, the average Member of Parliament. When he sat on a jury he did not need to be propitiated by the quaint mixture of slang and "highfalutin" which a distinguished ex-

governor of Massachusetts thought it necessary to employ in a recent celebrated case in order to separate himself from sophistical "literary fellers" in the minds of the twelve good men and true. And to amuse him in the theatre it was not necessary to resort to "Texas Steers," "Holes in the Ground," or "Mr. Barnes of New York." Don't be afraid to make fine points, the chorus cry, in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes ; the audience are clever enough.

Thus, as Professor Jebb elsewhere finely says, the poetry of the Greeks was the index of their capacity, and not merely like the poetry of the English-speaking race, the flower of their spirit. It was not only inspired by life, but it was also regulated by life ; and to this it owes its immunity from affectation and unreality, and from the false sentiment which "may pass muster in the study, but which is inevitably betrayed by its own unveracity when it is spoken aloud before witnesses whose minds are sane." "In such an art we find lessons which no lapse of time can make obsolete and which no multiplication of modern interests can make superfluous."

In a few brief pregnant paragraphs, Professor Jebb goes on to contrast this quality of classical Greek literature with the artificial product of Alexandria and Rome, pausing only to pay a tribute of warm enthusiasm to Theocritus, the last genuinely inspired poet of Greece. He then touches lightly but suggestively on the Hellenic influences in modern literature, in Goethe, Schiller, Milton, Keats, and Mr. William Morris, and on the too familiar antithesis of Hellenism and Hebraism. Keats, he truly says (after Arnold), is essentially an Elizabethan ; "his manner, even in treating Greek themes, was not Greek except occasionally and for brief spaces." One hesitates to differ from Professor Jebb ; but it is not easy to accept the dictum that the most Greek thing in Keats is "his vivid spontaneous sympathy with the life of eternal nature" as shown, for example, in the "Ode to a Nightingale." Surely Keats's interpretation of nature is "Celtic," as Arnold would say, rather than Greek. The truly Greek element in Keats's work, I think, is a certain monumental plasticity of style revealed in occasional touches only ; the too rare expression of a mood borne in on him when he contemplated the Elgin marbles, and contrasted their everlasting superhuman calm with the breathing human passion that left his own heart high-sorrowful and cloyed. Such lines, I mean, as these :

" And charioting foremost in the envious race  
Like a young Jove with calm unearner face."

Or these :

" She would have ta'en  
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,  
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel."

Or these :

" What little town by river or sea shore  
Or mountain built with peaceful citadel  
Is emptied of this folk this pious morn?"

Or the second stanza of the "Ode to Autumn," which, but for a touch of Elizabethan luxuriance, might have been taken directly from Theocritus.

Very admirable, too, is Professor Jebb's sketch, in the introductory lecture, of the "Distinctive qualities of the Greek race as expressed by Homer," shown on a dark background of the pre-Hellenic Egyptian, Assyrian, and Phœnician civilization of the tenth century B.C. The Greek is free, natural, and human, from the moment of his first appearance on the stage of history—a large-eyed Miranda-like child, looking out upon the brave new world that hath such people in it. The free expansion of his spirit was never checked by thralldom to priests, kings, or conventions. And although, as the old Egyptian priest says in the "Timæus," this young people possessed no store of venerable tradition that could vie with the hoary wisdom of the East, they soon bettered their instruction and left their teachers far in the rear.

In reading the six more special chapters that fill up the body of the book, one must confess to a slight sense of disappointment. The feeling is an unjust one. Nowhere is there to be found a clearer or juster statement of the essential facts of the development of Greek poetry from Homer to Euripides. If there are few novelties and little spirit-stirring eloquence, it is because the writer's sober taste and unerring scholarship reject the tinsel of Mr. Symonds's rhetoric and the wilful exaggerations of brilliant partial fancies that enliven the pages of Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. Ernest Myers, or even occasionally of Matthew Arnold.

What, within these limits, could Professor Jebb have told us of Homer that has not already been said by Arnold, or in his own incomparable little introduction to the study of Homer? How could he write of the Greek lyric poets in one chapter more succinctly and soundly than he has done in his excellent primer, or more eloquently than Mr. Symonds in his "Greek Poets"? How could he hope to surpass in one lecture his own admirable paper on Pindar, published in the "Journal of Hellenic

Studies" a few years ago? What could he tell us about Sophocles that is not more adequately expressed in his great edition, and how could he improve on his own model article on Euripides in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"? He is in the position of the orator Isocrates, vainly striving to compete with his own earlier work. "The Panegyricus has beggared him."

Here and there, however, one finds bits of criticism that deserve the emphasis of special notice; as, for example, the spirited portraiture of the character of Achilles—a blending of suggestions taken from Hegel and Mr. Ruskin; the remarks on the exquisite art with which Homer combines the human and divine agencies in the scene where Achilles pursues Hector around the walls of Troy; and the subtle observations on the peculiar instinct for the picturesque which partly compensates in the "Odyssey" for the dramatic force of the "Iliad." The chapter on Pindar, who is naturally one of Professor Jebb's favorites, contains some fine renderings of four or five of the great tonic passages which every student of Greek literature ought to know by heart. Pindar, Professor Jebb beautifully says, shows us the epic heroes under a new light, "neither that far-off though clear light, as of a fair sunset, which the lay of the minstrel shed around them in the palace of Alcinous, nor yet that searching sunshine of noon tide which fell upon them in the theatre of Dionysus." The nearest analogue of a Pindaric ode in the manner of affecting the hearer, he tells us, is an oratorio such as the "Messiah" or "Israel in Egypt." We are happy to find one English scholar who does not tell us, like Cicero and Mr. Mahaffy, that we cannot know how the metres of Pindar sounded. The following words should be set up in letters of gold in every class-room where pedants drawl out Greek verse by the metronome and the rule of thumb: "For in the higher poetry, especially when it employs the grand style, the movement of every modern language is slower than the Greek."

Professor Jebb has learned much from Matthew Arnold, as all his writings show. Why will he condescend to captions criticism of the great critic? He must know that when Arnold describes Pindar as "the poet on whom above all other poets the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect," he does not in the least intend to imply "a certain absence of due self-restraint." Else how could he have taken Pindar for a type of the grand style in simplicity? And what can a

writer who uses words with Professor Jebb's habitual precision mean by the affirmation that the style of Æschylus is always the grand style? The style of Æschylus is, in passages, as vicious as Shakespeare's:

"Till that Bellona's bridegroom lapped in proof  
Confronted him with self-comparisons."

Professor Jebb should leave it to the critics who think Arnold was "running down" Shakespeare to confound grand style and great poet.

The most noteworthy thing in the chapters on the Drama is the acute and sensible summing up of the controversy as to the merits of Euripides. It would perhaps have been more amusing if Professor Jebb had "taken sides," and either rehabilitated Euripides with Browning and Mr. Mahaffy, or denounced his plays as "shapeless abortions" with Mr. Swinburne. Instead of this, he shows us, by an admirable critical analysis, just why Euripides, though he failed as an Hellenic artist, became the ideal poet of the Hellenistic world, and appeals with a legitimate attraction to the troubled romantic modern spirit. He is a "fascinating poet," the author of a "dazzling compromise," and the "peculiar gift which his genius has bequeathed to the modern world" shows a "blending of Hellenic light, though its light is declining, with the incipient promise of Romance." In spite of this scrupulous judicial fairness, it is easy to feel that Professor Jebb is too good a Greek not to prefer for himself the pure "Hellenic light." His private and intimate feeling would, if I mistake not, be that of Professor Jowett, recently communicated by Mr. Swinburne in his "Recollections": "I have been reading Euripides lately, and still retain my old bad opinion of him—sophist, sentimental, sensationalist—no Greek in the better sense of the term." Professor Jebb is too urbane to disable the judgment of Euripides' admirers, but it is not difficult to apprehend his real meaning when he writes: "The degree in which a modern enjoys Sophocles is not necessarily a measure of his feeling for poetry; but it may fairly be taken as a measure of his sympathy with the finest qualities of the Athenian genius."

In conclusion, I wish to call attention to one distinctive excellence which this interesting little volume possesses in common with all the work of its author. It will not mislead the English reader. Greek literature is coming to be studied more and more in translations, expositions, compendiums. There is no lack of such aids, and they are multiplying every day. But it is not easy to find books that may safely

be recommended to serious students who desire truth and just opinions as well as entertainment and mild titillation of the intellectual palate. Even when gross inaccuracies as regards external fact are avoided, there is apt to be something limited, arbitrary, fantastic, exaggerated, or wilfully perverse, in the expositions of Greek life and thought written for the general reader. The picture is slightly out of drawing, the objects are out of focus, the values are not rightly given, and there is a haze of false sentiment over all. It is not the least of the many merits of Professor Jebb's work that it is free from these defects. And the English reader may almost employ it as a touchstone by which to test his other helps.

PAUL SHOREY.

#### ARCHITECTURE, PAST AND FUTURE.\*

A very interesting field of study might be found in the principles, if there be any, that should govern the naming of books, or perhaps the variations of fashion in book-naming. If Mr. Van Brunt's book entitled "Greek Lines" had been published a century ago, it would probably have been called "An Inquiry into the Present State of Architecture, especially in the United States; with some Observations upon the Nature of the Architectural Art and its Connection with Poetry." Such, at any rate, are the subjects chiefly considered in his book, which takes its name from the title of the first essay.

"Greek Lines" is a collection of studies on architectural subjects; but not merely a gathering together of separate papers, for the author has collated the essays so as "to form a sequence in which from first to last there should be evident a more or less orderly development." Being, then, the presentation, in a somewhat systematic form, of opinions concerning the present state of architecture and of principles concerning architecture in general, by one of the eminent practical architects of the day, the book certainly commands attention; and it must at once be said that it well repays any one who is interested in the matter, for it is original and scholarly and refined.

The present state of architecture is a very interesting subject. On the one hand, we have jere miads on the part of such as point out that we have nowadays no distinctive style; on the other — just at present, at least — we have

\* GREEK LINES, and Other Architectural Essays. By Henry Van Brunt. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the joyful paeans occasioned by the successful beauty of the World's Fair buildings. We see every day much that is distressing, and in our mind's eye we look forward on future beauties flushing in the glow of hope. Meanwhile we have an enormous amount of building, especially in the West; a number of young gentlemen in Paris learning how it should be done; and too many other people engaged in doing it.

Mr. Van Brunt is by no means discouraging. His book is in good part an exposition of the motto, "Good Architecture, but not a Style." The motto is perhaps daring,—and yet it seems as though something of the sort were necessary, when we think of the Gothic revival, the Queen Anne revival, even of the Richardsonian Romanesque. Good Architecture, of course; but why not also a Style? Why not an American style (to go, let us say, with our American school in music, painting, literature), or a Western style, or even a World's Fair style? Well, for one thing (I believe I am practically quoting Mr. Van Brunt), because to have a style we must have a national feeling, an artistic tradition, and a comparative ignorance of other styles. And even if the first two of these possessions were ours, the last is practically impossible.

But if we are not to have a style, what then? Mr. Van Brunt's answer to this question is, to a layman at least, exceedingly instructive, both as to what a style is and as to what American architecture can achieve. In his different Essays he treats the question in various ways; he shows the value of an appreciation of the spirit of Greek art, he points out the value of conscience in modern architecture, he insists on the possibility of in some way manipulating the cumbersome knowledge of the present day into work that will be good. His treatment throughout is on a high plane, and one gets ideas even when disagreeing.

In his more general views on architecture, Mr. Van Brunt propounds many opinions which it would be a pleasure to debate with him. The notion of Aphrodite, or the personification of the great creative principle "as lying at the root of all high art," for instance, or the view of architecture as the most human of the arts,—these and other views, did only time and space permit, would in discussion lead to beautiful and interesting variations. To one matter Mr. Van Brunt has devoted more than a passing notice; namely, the analogy between Architecture and Poetry. The analogy between the arts has given rise to various pleasant

fallacies nowadays. Why cannot "the emotions awakened in the mind of an intelligent expert by the contemplation of a work of pure architecture" be awakened, at least in some degree, in other minds by poetry? Mr. Van Brunt cannot see why such a thing should not be natural; he comments upon architecture in the poets, and finally offers an experiment of his own. "The Church Door: a Study in Romanesque," is a sweet and pleasing poem, and it would be somewhat ungracious to take it as offered in proof of the point. I incline to compare it with Sir Edwin Arnold's Introduction to "With Sa'di in the Garden." But that effort to present the impression of the Taj Mahal was by no means the most poetical part of the book; and its two most poetical passages were two that had hardly any reference to architecture.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

#### SOME RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.\*

Mr. Frederick Diodati Thompson has given to the world, in his "In the Track of the Sun," the most sumptuous itinerary of travel ever placed before the American public. Gorgeously bound in the colors of the Orient, in scarlet, green, and gold, perfect in typography, exquisite in illustration, the book is a delight to the eye. The first thought in reading it is that, since Mr. Thompson has told his story so well, we wish he had spent a much longer time in each place; for nowhere did "the dust grow old upon his sandal-shoon." He was but seven months in making the entire trip round the world. But we have Biblical authority for the assertion that he who runs may read. When we note Mr. Thompson's cheerfulness, his fresh interest in everything, we recall Byron's lines in "Don Juan":

"There is nothing gives a man such spirits,  
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,  
As going at full speed—no matter where its  
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry."

\* IN THE TRACK OF THE SUN. Readings from the Diary of a Globe-Trotter. By Frederick Diodati Thompson. With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE BARBARY COAST. By Henry M. Field. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE MAHIDI'S CAMP. From the Original Manuscripts of Father Joseph Ohrwalder. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ADVENTURES IN MASHONALAND. By two Hospital Nurses, Rose Blennerhasset and Lucy Sleeman. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A WILD SHEEP CHASE. Notes of a Little Philosophic Journey in Corsica. Translated from the French of Emile Bergerat. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

MY ARCTIC JOURNAL. A Year among Ice Fields and Eskimos. By Josephine Diebitsch-Peary. Illustrated. New York and Philadelphia: The Contemporary Publishing Co.

Everything seemed to come to this globe-trotter, just as he went to everything; he had a perfect genius for travelling. Earthquakes did not overlook him, nor did he omit being tattooed. He must have been exceptionally vigorous in health and alert of eye to have accomplished so much; but it all would have been as naught, he would have been but one of Lord Bacon's "land-lopers," had he not also such a simple, unaffected, but thoroughly well-poised literary style of telling what he saw, and telling it with point and humor. His good taste is also shown in the illustrations chosen for his volume, which are extremely beautiful, and many of them novel, even to the eye of a traveller. We might especially note the views in Japan and India. For its illustrations alone the book would be eagerly welcomed as offering a method of exhibition of foreign pictures much more convenient than the ordinary burdensome and expensive collection of photographs gathered in travel.

Mr. Thompson says very frankly: "Almost every writer seems to have his own method of spelling not only the Hindoo names, but also other words not entirely relating to India, which is exasperatingly confusing." This may account for some unusual spellings in the book—Knas for Khas, Ledia for Sedia, and Munataz for Mumtaz; or these may be simply errors in printing. One is impressed with Mr. Thompson's care in relating his wondrous tales, his evident intention to give as facts solely what that seventeenth century traveller James Howell called his "owne Optique obseruations." We have the full confidence, too, that the author saw more than he told, but remembered and exemplified Schiller's line, "The artist may be known by what he omits."

But one regret arises in reading the book: it emphasizes the fact that we have now found the day of Seneca's prediction—there is no longer any "Ultima Thule."

A few of the beautiful head and tail pieces throughout the volume are accompanied with no significant description,—notably that of a very good-looking man in a fez, who makes his bow on the last page of the book. Of his personality, we can, to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, hazard a wide solution: he might be Captain Parsell, whose name occurs on that same page; or Abdul-Hamid II., to whom the volume is dedicated. But we hope it is the "counterfeit presentment" of the author, the alert, clear-eyed traveller, to whom we say, as did an admirer to another traveller, Captain John Smith of Virginia, centuries ago:

"Thou to passe the worldes fourre parts dost deeeme  
No more than 'twere to goe to bed or dreame."

Some portions of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's wanderings near the Mediterranean followed in the steps of Mr. Thompson; but Mr. Davis's descriptions, in "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," are much fuller, he tells much more of surrounding circumstances and of his own impressions, and with that ease and finish that comes from art, not chance. His chapters relate to "The Rock of Gib-

raltar," "Tangier," "From Gibraltar to Cairo," "Cairo as a Show Place," "The English in Egypt," "Modern Athens," and "Constantinople." The one on "The English in Egypt" is a thoughtful, a powerful exposition of the condition of the government of Egypt to-day, wonderfully concise and pointed in expression, yet perfectly and interestingly explanatory; it is a chapter to set one thinking. The account of Modern Athens is appropriate; the style is suited to the theme. The book is well illustrated.

The steamer that bore Mr. Davis to Gibraltar carried another traveller, a far older one, who had visited the Mediterranean shores four times before, and who was to write a book called "The Barbary Coast,"—the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, the editor of "The Evangelist." It affords much amusement to read Dr. Field's chapters on Gibraltar, Tangier, etc., after reading Mr. Davis's. I am bound to say that on the whole the two travellers agree very well in their stories; nor can I wholly decide which gives the better account. I will follow the example of the ambassador of France when asked by Queen Elizabeth which danced the better, the Queen of Scots or herself. He answered, "The Queen of Scots doth indeed dance most gracefully, but your Majesty dances more high and disposededly." Mr. Davis wields certainly a most graceful pen, but the clergymen writes "more high and disposededly," he tells more details of the various subjects. For instance, in his chapter on Gibraltar he devotes eight pages to the history of the Black Watch—becoming, indeed, somewhat discursive thereon.

Howell, in his book on "forreine travail," tells of purblind travellers, whom he compares to Jonah, who travelled much and saw little. Dr. Field is none of these; he saw everything, and with clear and discriminating eye. "The common man," says Richter, "is copious in Narrative, and exiguous in Reflection; only with the cultivated man is it reverse-wise." It may be said of Dr. Field that he is copious *both* in narrative and reflection. He has an almost perfect narrative style; he is a most dispassionate observer of mankind; he has wonderful depth of penetration into the character of men of various nationalities, and much facility in the expression of his observations. His chapter on "Lights and Shadows of African Life" is a profound study; and that on "How the Islams Fast and Pray" is a most sympathetic one. A single sentence of Dr. Field's shows his character and the spirit of his book: "I never condemn a man without afterward trying to clear him from my own condemnation."

The illustrations in Dr. Field's book are very fine; some of them are very remarkable. There is an absolutely unique and deeply interesting portrait of the Sultan of Morocco, showing a noble countenance full of the melancholy so characteristic of the Orientals. A scene in the street of Algiers, a view of an Arab school, one of the lighthouses at Cape Spartel, one entitled "An African pet," are particularly striking.

Books on Northern Africa abound and are widely read, but Father Ohrwalder's "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp" will scarcely find the circulation in America that it has had in England, where it has been through nine editions within a year. Ninety pages have been struck out for the American public,—for which we are very grateful, for there is enough of the book as it now stands to satisfy each and every reader, no matter what he seeks. But there is much that is interesting in it; many pages also that are dull; still more that are revolting; many that are pathetic; some that are incomprehensible and bewildering. No Arabian Nights tale ever was more romantic, apparently more impossible, than this story of the life of El Mahdi. No martyr of old suffered more or longer than did these Romish missionaries and sisters during those years of captivity; and so long as Gordon and Hicks still live in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen, or rather of the entire world outside of the Soudan, as emblems of patriotic heroes and martyrs, so long will such books as this be of living though gruesome interest. But the book is not "pretty reading," nor soothing to the nerves, nor has it any alluring literary qualities; and for myself I shall rejoice in what Carlyle calls "the triumph of the Decency-principle," when such blood-curdling details are not given to the reading public.

To one who in days of his youth has pored enchanted through many an hour of dim twilight and firelight over what a friend designated as the "million impalm mtesai massegai-filled pages" of Bruce, Baker, and Burton, of Speke and Livingstone, and of other more or less tergiversating African explorers,—who has in later days greeted with delight even Rider Haggard's fairy tales of the Dark Continent,—the volume of "Adventures in Mashonaland" is as welcome as fresh news from an old friend; and it has also an additional zest of novelty in that the news has an unusual and somewhat feminine cast, albeit a professional one—the view taken by a trained hospital nurse. The book is written in a vigorous, hearty style, with much plainness of speech, though never flippant, and with no flowers of rhetoric, though thoroughly graphic. The authors are, on the whole, not very complimentary to the African clergy. They found the Bishop "young, pleasant, persuasive, with an exceptional talent for getting out of the room well. He evanesced rather than left, and left behind him a little hush." This talent for getting away was displayed by the Bishop on other occasions,—in leaving the sisters in a most critical point on the road; and in promptly, on the day of the death of their first patient, leaving Mashonaland, and then Africa altogether, and going to England to collect money. He seems to have had a fine apostolic presence, with but little else. Of a rowdy ball at Johannesburg, their first African home, they write:

"A Church of England clergyman played the fiddle in the orchestra. He was attired in the usual swallow-tail, and wore tight black knee-breeches, silk stockings,

shoes and buckles. The next day his ungrateful flock commented in the papers on the thinness of his legs."

The Manica pastor they depict thus:

"He wore a helmet, a flannel shirt, and coarse blue trousers much too short, of the type dear to navvies. These were held in place by a large scarlet handkerchief, which, however, did its work so indifferently that Mr. Sewall was always hitching up his trousers like a comic sailor in a pantomime. I may state here that the following Easter Mr. Sewall, to use his own expression, 'chucked his orders' and went into partnership with a Jew tavern-keeper."

Sociological observations were little noted by these nurses. Living for two years in a land where polygamy and polyandry were practised, and having unusual opportunities of insight into the effect of those institutions on the lives of native women of all stations, from the queen to her slaves, they might have contributed much to our knowledge of primitive marriage customs; yet the pages are barren of these facts. Perhaps they felt as did another woman traveller, two centuries ago, that such things were not "Proper to be Related by a Female pen."

Contrary to the reports of many travellers in Mashonaland (Mr. Bent being one), but confirming the stories of Mr. Selous, these nurses found plenty of lions and wild beasts. At one point of the journey they write:

"The lions, coming down to drink at the swampy pool just in front of the huts, made such a terrific noise that the earth seemed to shake with their roaring. It was a strange sensation to find ourselves so near all these wild creatures, with not even the slenderest door or mat to shut them out of our hut."

Lions were bold enough to make inroads into Umatili, the town, where two were killed, "one in High Street and one near the oven of our friend the baker," and their spoor was found everywhere. The authors tell of the death of many natives through lions; one horrible story of an attack and siege of two Englishmen in their remote hut, and the pitiful death of one Mr. Teal. When the nurses themselves were lying seriously ill with a fever, a great leopard tried to spring in through the upper half of the door, which was open to admit air.

Of their meeting with Mr. Selous, we read:

"We were much afraid we should miss Mr. Selous, but he sent us word that he would come as soon as he could get his shirt washed. When we received this message we felt sure he was a delightful person; and our instincts did not deceive us. Mr. Selous appeared to be a man about eight and thirty, light, active, and giving one an impression of presence of mind and resource. Of his personal appearance it is impossible to remember anything but his eyes, which are extraordinarily clear and limpid. He is known throughout Africa as the man who never tells a lie. What a splendid reputation to have anywhere, but especially in Africa! He told us he had shot twenty-three lions with his own gun, and helped to put an end to nine others. He said our mode of travelling, sleeping about in the open beside dim fires, was extremely foolhardy, and we should probably have suffered for it had not the country been so well stocked with game."

The chief nursing done by these two heroines was in cases of fever; and we cannot wonder that fevers were so violent and fatal in Mashonaland when we read of the climate, and of the vast amount of bad whiskey that is consumed there. The book shows, without ostentation or demand for sympathy or laudation, the noble life of self-sacrifice led for two years by these devoted Englishwomen among most unwonted and even repulsive surroundings; and proves that women will cheerfully endure, for love of God and their fellow-men, many privations that men will shrink from, even though lured on by the all-powerful love of gold.

The jesting and vivacious account of a visit to Corsica, "A Wild Sheep Chase," sparkles with that ironical French gaiety first made known to us in the writings of Rabelais, and since familiar to us — almost too familiar — in the more or less successful imitations and variations seen in the works of many successive French authors. Though the hero of this tale chases, of course he never catches, or even sees, the wild sheep, the mouflon; but the recounting of the elusions and illusions of the chase affords him a felicitous opportunity to display for our amusement and edification many clever anecdotes and vivid descriptions, and much half-serious information; to give, indeed, as a whole, a most spirited picture of life in Corsica — a life which exhibits a simplicity that will inevitably be soon altered, as there is now a railroad across the island. Doubtless in the Napoleonic renaissance of the day, this account of the birthplace of Napoleon will be much read. The laughing by-play of wit suffers in the translation, as does nearly all humorous writing when rendered into another language than its native one. Somehow the laughter, even in the original, seems a little forced, and the eccentricities of style somewhat monotonous. Pages peppered with exclamation marks and interrogation points abound to satiety; and, altogether, we close the book feeling we are not as amused as we ought to be.

It is a long way from Africa to the Arctic seas, but the same glamour of novelty, of strangeness, hangs around both lands. "My Arctic Journal," the interesting book of Mrs. Peary's life in the Arctic regions, written only after much persuasion, opens with a tender and manly preface from her husband, Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, and ends with an account written by him of "The Great White Journey." Though her publishers announce that the fair traveller has made a valuable contribution to ethnological learning, I think the book is in some points of ethnological study somewhat disappointing; notably so in information about the women of the isolated Eskimo tribe among whom she resided. A year's residence among them should have given her a close insight into their lives; but she seems (and who could blame her?) to have carefully avoided seeing too much of the "huskies." Some of her information is curious, and all that she gives is interesting. She writes:

"The native method of treating the skins of all animals intended for clothing is first to rid them of as much of the fat as can be got off by scraping with a knife; then they are stretched as tight as possible and allowed to become perfectly dry. After this they are taken by the women and chewed and sucked all over in order to get as much of the grease out as possible; then they are again dried and scraped with a dull instrument so as to break the fibres. Chewing the skins is very hard on the women, and all of it is done by them; they cannot chew more than two deerskins per day, and are obliged to rest their jaws every other day."

She tells of hiring a chewer for one seamstress too old to chew for herself. The work is held by the seamstress with her feet and legs. The thread is made by splitting narwhal sinews moistened in the mouth. Mrs. Peary does not describe the thimbles used. I know nothing in the book more fairly pathetic than her description of what she endured through the odor emanating from these seamstresses — who must indeed "smell to heaven" — and her invariable and necessary cleansing of person and room with alcohol and corrosive sublimate, to be rid of the parasites shed by the dirty chewers. The Chicagoized Esquimo wives and their villainous children make one fully believe Mrs. Peary's tale.

The book is illustrated from interesting photographs taken by the Pearys. Some of the prints are half-tinted, and prove very satisfactory in effect; the one entitled "The Sunset Glow" is especially beautiful with its opalescent tints. The chief thought that rises upon reading this book is whether, after all, Mrs. Peary's experience was "worth the while." When the courageous explorer visited one Innuit igloo, she was met by a very aged and oily Eskimo woman, who scrutinized her closely, and then said slowly, "I have lived a great many suns, but I have never seen anything like you." May we live a great many suns ere we see any other woman like her — ere we see any refined, intelligent, gently nurtured woman going unnecessarily upon any exploring expedition, in peril of her health, her comfort, her life; and at the additional peril of being a hindrance, in emergencies, to the success of the exploring party. And yet, what the hospital nurses did in Africa for love of Man, Mrs. Peary did in Greenland also for love of man — for love of her husband!

Alice Morse Earle.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Prof. Romanes' Studies in Organic Evolution.* Professor Romanes has, perhaps more than any other writer in this country or in England, interested himself in the critical examination of publications relating to the subject of organic evolution. He has written voluminously on all its phases, and is a sort of guardian of the faith, examining and pronouncing on all heresies and schisms. For this function he is eminently fitted by his intimate personal acquaintance with Darwin's modes of thought,

as well as by his wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject and by his experimental knowledge in certain lines. In "An Examination of Weismannism" (The Open Court Publishing Co.) he has attempted only an examination *seriatim* of Professor Weismann's essays on this subject since 1886, including his latest theory of Amphimixis. The work is a keen scrutiny of all the positions taken by the Freiburg Professor, and a testing of these in the light of facts. In a general way we may say that Professor Romanes finds it impossible to assent to the doctrine of the continuity of germ-plasm, and appears to be inclined to advocate in its stead Galton's idea of "Stirp," a continuous but open succession, which does not exclude from time to time new accessions capable of being grafted upon the ancestral stock, though due to the direct action of the environment of the structure of the parent. Though the present work is not an attempt to defend any thesis on the subject, but, rather, merely an examination of the structure reared by another, there is no lack of glimpses of the Darwinian notion of "gemmales," and some defences of the same against the entirely opposite doctrine of germ-plasm continuity. Of this doctrine our author says: "Beautiful though it may be in its imposing elevation, this drawing of the architecture of the germ-plasm must be regarded as a work of the artistic imagination rather than as one of scientific generalization." This position will strike the reader of "The Germ-Plasm" as hardly fair, since the latter work, though highly speculative in its character and in some respects doubtless in error, is nevertheless as genuine an attempt to interpret the hidden facts of nature from the patent ones as are many of the notions passing current in biology and other sciences. Though Professor Weismann shall be proved to be wrong in regard to the absolute stability and perfect continuity of the germ, this will not compel the rejection of his notion of the nuclear structure. The central idea of this theory is the definite structure of the nucleus, whereby it is able to sort and distribute structural units whose development will produce a new organism. This notion, according to Professor Romanes, is not proven. The further position of Professor Weismann is that the nuclear material has been derived from an ovum of the preceding generation which before its own development set this aside as the nuclear material of the succeeding generation. On this conception of the structure and history of the nucleus, heredity is the result of the continuity of nuclear material, or, as Professor Weismann calls it, "germ-plasm." Darwin's idea of the history of the ovum was entirely different. He supposed that all the cells of an adult animal or plant throw off minute particles called by him "gemmales," some of which are attracted together from all cells to constitute the ovum, so that this is a sort of epitome of the body to be developed. This, Professor Weismann also supposes; but he views the egg-cell nucleus, not as a new formation in each generation, but as one car-

ried along continuously from a generation to the next. The final structure, by whichever route attained, may be much as Professor Weismann has formulated it. Professor Romanes, however, does not admit this. But his main contention is upon the absolute stability of the germ-plasm, which notion he considers incompatible with the facts of both heredity and evolution. If the germ-plasm, though very stable, be still capable of alteration through the effects of influences, coming directly to it from the organism, such as gemmules thrown off from various parts, then we should have the substance of Galton's theory of "Stirp." This latter seems more probable; and Professor Weismann seems to be drifting in this direction, without, Professor Romanes contends, sufficiently acknowledging the priority of the theory of Galton. In this work Professor Romanes does not appear sufficiently to appreciate the value of Professor Weismann's efforts to arrive at a notion of the real structure of the nucleus; but he does point out truly the limitations of the germ-plasm theory as held by Professor Weismann in the domain of Evolution.

*Tennysonian  
Studies and  
Criticisms.*

"Tennyson, Poet, Philosopher, Idealist," by Mr. J. Cuming Walters (imported by Scribner), is the work of an enthusiast, generally in full sympathy with his subject, not exaggerated in its estimates, but possessed of slight critical, as distinguished from expository, value. Although it does not claim to be a biography of Tennyson, it nearly amounts to that, for the history of the poet's works is really the history of his life. A few features of the book are the fine engraved portrait (from one of Mrs. Cameron's photographs), the chapter on Tennyson's literary characteristics, the study of his suppressed and revised poems, the note on Tennysonian volumes and manuscripts, and the careful chronology. The book is also noticeable for the anecdotes which it gathers from out-of-the-way sources, and for its numerous selected passages from the earlier criticism made upon the poems. But why, in this connection, the author should have done Hain Friswell the honor of quotation, as he does upon three or four occasions, passes comprehension. If ever man wrote himself most unmistakably an ass, it was this same Hain Friswell when he set forth the reasons why Tennyson should not, in his estimation, be held a great poet. Mr. Walters has gleaned an occasional new fact, as when he discovered that Thomas Sunderland of Trinity was the subject of "A Character," and has made an occasional mistake, as when he states that Mr. Frederick Tennyson wrote but one of the "Poems by Two Brothers." At least four of them are acknowledged by him. Like many of Tennyson's otherwise intelligent critics, Mr. Walters joins in the cry against the dramas. He calls "Queen Mary" "incomparably ponderous and dull," "The Falcon" "unmeet for serious criticism," and makes other no less inapt observations. But he subsequently bestows so much praise upon

the dramas taken in detail that these preliminary deprecations lose most of their effect. He pretends to praise these details without being "antilogous," but this we cannot admit. And it is difficult to understand how any true Tennysonian could have said that the twenty-three poems of the posthumous volume would not have made any poet's fame. To our mind, almost any single poem of that volume would have won fame for its author had he been hitherto absolutely unknown. To recur to the plays once more, the question of their fitness for the stage has never been fairly tested. "Queen Mary" has been highly successful in Australia; "Becket" and "The Foresters" in both England and America. The fact that "The Cup" and "The Falcon" and "The Promise of May" have been rejected by the public simply shows that they failed to find their proper audience when the first attempt was made. We may say, in conclusion, that, although a better book planned upon the same lines might be easily conceived of, the book that Mr. Walters has made is one that the student of English poetry can hardly go without.

*Pictures of  
the Hibernian  
at home.*

The saying "better late than never" is well verified in "Seventy Years of Irish Life" (Macmillan), a racy collection of Hiberniana by Mr. W. R. Le Fanu, who now makes his literary *début* at the age of seventy-eight. The author, a brother of J. Sheridan Le Fanu, sketches with a light and rapid hand various phases of life in Erin, fairs, wakes, factions, duels, and what not, the whole agreeably enlivened by the sparkle of the national wit and the whack of the national blackthorn. Touching that popular Hibernian social "function" the faction fight, Mr. Le Fanu declares that the story that the row begins "by one man taking off his coat and trailing it behind him, saying 'who dare tread on that ?' is a myth. I have seen many a faction fight, every one of which began in the same way, which was thus: one man 'wheeled,' as they called it, for his party; that is, he marched up and down, flourishing his blackthorn, and shouting the battle-cry of his faction, 'Here is Coffey aboo against Reaskawallah; here is Coffey aboo — who dar strike a Coffey?' 'I dar,' shouted one of the other party; 'here's Reaskawallah aboo,' at the same instant making a whack with his shillelagh at his opponent's head. In an instant hundreds of sticks were up, hundreds of heads were broken," etc. Once, just after one of these little affairs, the author saw "an elderly man running after a young fellow of two or three and twenty, every time he got near striking him on the head with a heavy blackthorn, and at every blow setting the blood streaming from his head. 'Why,' said I, 'does that young fellow let the old man beat him in that savage way?' 'Ah, sure, your honor,' said he, 'that's only his father that's chastisin' him for fighting.'" Here is a good story of a witty priest — no *rara avis*, by the way, in the Green Isle: "A farmer once asked the well-known Father

Tom Maguire what a miracle was. He gave him a very full explanation, which, however, did not seem to satisfy the farmer, who said — 'Now do you think, your reverence, you could give me an example of miracles?' 'Well,' said Father Tom, 'walk on before me, and I'll see what I can do.' As he did so he gave him a tremendous kick behind. 'Did you feel that?' he asked. 'Why wouldn't I feel it?' said the farmer, rubbing the damaged place, 'Begorra, I did feel it, sure enough.' 'Well,' said Father Tom, 'it would have been a miracle if you didn't.'" This demonstration *a posteriori* seems to have proved sufficient. Mr. Le Fanu's book will help to while away an evening or two very pleasantly.

*Collected Essays of Professor Huxley.* just been published (Appleton). One of them, "Darwiniana," reproduces the lectures and essays written in defense of "The Origin of Species," beginning with an essay which dates from the very year (1859) of that epoch-making work, and ending with an obituary notice written in 1888 for the Proceedings of the Royal Society. This is now all ancient history, yet not undeserving of preservation. Professor Huxley did yeoman service for the cause of natural selection, and bore, more than any other one man in England (except the Great Discoverer himself), the brunt of the battle. And he must, in collecting these essays for republication, look back with peculiar satisfaction to his share in forcing the general public to its acceptance of the essential Darwinian doctrines. The volume is pieced out by a series of six lectures to working-men "On Our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature." The lectures date from 1863, but many audiences might still profit by them. "I am not without some grounds for suspecting," says the author, "that there yet remains a fair sprinkling even of 'philosophic thinkers' to whom it may be a profitable, perhaps even a novel, task to descend from the heights of speculation and go over the A B C of the great biological problem as it was set before a body of shrewd artisans at that remote epoch." In "Science and Education," the other volume now published, we have no less than seventeen pieces, most of them relating to the place of science in educational schemes. The author appears in a less favorable light than usual in this volume, for the zeal with which he champions science leads him to say some very indiscreet things about the humanities. We are all glad that, thanks largely to Professor Huxley's efforts, science has obtained ample recognition in the school and the college, but the exaggerated claims made by him (and by Mr. Spencer) in its behalf at a time when it was struggling for recognition will not bear the test of sober examination. Even the Darwinian polemic has more of permanent value than this collection of addresses, however useful they may have been in their time.

*Literary anecdotes and reminiscences.*

A readable and commendably concise volume of literary and other reminiscences is Camilla Crosland's "Landmarks of a Literary Life—1820-1892" (Scribner). Mrs. Crosland's pages are well studded with eminent names—Edmund Kean, Malibran, Thomas Moore, Jenny Lind, Leigh Hunt, the Brownings, the Howitts, Charlotte Cushman, Margaret Fuller, etc.—and her stories are mostly fresh and crisply told. She met Hawthorne in 1854, and gives the following impressions of him: "In society he was one of the most painfully shy men I ever knew. I never had the pleasure of an unbroken *tête-à-tête* with him, and am under the impression that with a single listener he must have been a very interesting talker; but in the small social circle in which I first met him it really seemed impossible to draw him out. We were only five or six intimate friends, sitting round the fire, and with a host remarkable for his geniality and tact; but Hawthorne fidgeted on the sofa, seemed really to have little to say, and almost resented the homage that was paid him." Not so reticent was Mrs. Stowe, who "did not ignore the fact that she had done an important piece of work in the world, but showed neither mock humility nor self-laudation on the subject." Notwithstanding "the strong Yankee twang of her dialect," thinks Mrs. Crosland, "there was a very charming simplicity about Mrs. Stowe." Here is an amusing story of her: "She was being entertained at one of the ducal residences, and the occasion was a large dinner-party. In a momentary lull of conversation, Mrs. Stowe, who had been gazing somewhat earnestly at her hostess, exclaimed in a voice that everyone could hear—'Duchess, however do you fix your hair?' 'You must ask Louise,' replied the Duchess of Sutherland, with a smile that in no way betrayed astonishment or rebuked her guest." Apropos of this British analogue of the episode of Ajax and the lightning, Mrs. Crosland is good enough to add, "In glancing at the eccentricity of manners of a past generation of Americans, it is only fair to acknowledge how vastly they have improved of late years"—largely, it seems, through much contemplation of John Bull, the Chesterfield and the "Turveydrop" of national types, whose urbanity and unfailing tact are a byword among nations.

*Old English and Middle English in one handbook.* That the historical study of English is gaining ground in this country is attested by the large number of Old English text-books that have appeared in America in recent years. Prominent among these are Professor Cook's translation of Professor Eduard Sievers's "Grammar of Old English" and Dr. Bright's "Anglo-Saxon Reader." The latest American publication in the department of English philology is Professor MacLean's "Old and Middle English Reader" (Macmillan), which deserves to be ranked with the best of its kind. The book "is primarily an attempt to provide for the learner in Old and Middle English helps similar to those which have

been furnished in the best Greek and Latin textbooks." "It is based on Professor Zupitz's *Alt- und Mittelenglisches Übungsbuch zum Gebrauche bei Universitäts-Vorlesungen*," and "like its original, it is emphatically an *Exercise Book*. Like that, it is concise and comprehensive. Unlike its original, in order to meet the requirements of English-speaking teachers and pupils, it is supplied with illustrative etymologies, cognate words, phonological equations, necessary historical and literary introductions, and bibliographical references." The Introduction gives information as to the Old and Middle English dialects, and contains a special introduction to each of the selections, with much valuable bibliographical detail, and critical notes on the text. A chapter on Versification, from the pen of Mr. O. L. Triggs, M.A., of the University of Chicago, gives, in concise and clear form, the most necessary information on this important subject. The Selections are thirty-four in number, fifteen illustrating Old English, and the rest Middle English. For schools in which both the Old and the Middle English periods are to be studied in one year or less, Professor MacLean's book is doubtless the best now available in this country.

*Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary.*

Part VIII., Section I., of Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" (Macmillan) is a thin quarto of about one hundred pages, and extends from Crouchmas to Czech, thus at once completing the letter C and the second volume of the colossal work. Volume Three will include D and E, Dr. Murray assuming responsibility for the former letter and Mr. Bradley for the latter. The "C" volume complete fills 1308 pages, C being next to S in dictionary dimensions, and including 29,295 main words, nearly as many as belong to S. The ten smallest letters, X, Y, Z, Q, K, J, N, U, V, and O, taken together, might be brought into a volume of hardly greater dimensions than those of the volume now completed, whence we may see that the work will make greater apparent progress in the future than it has up to the present time. Those who wax impatient at the leisurely advance of the work may take comfort from the story of the "Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française." That monument of erudition, begun by the Academy nearly fifty years ago, has just completed the letter A. Renan once prophesied that the work might be done in about twelve centuries, whereupon M. Bergerat made the skeptical comment: "M. Renan tells of only twelve centuries as being enough for the purpose, in order to keep up our spirits."

*An elaborate Memorial of the World's Fair.*

"The Book of the Fair" (Bancroft) continues to appear in parts, and we have thus far received eleven of them. Beginning with number six, we note the completion of the chapter on the Manufacturers' exhibits, and the first pages of the chapter on the Liberal Arts. This chapter runs well into number seven, and gives an intelligent account of the Educational exhibit.

The Woman's department is next taken up, and gets rather more attention than Education. Machinery takes us well into part nine, where it is succeeded by Agriculture, which runs nearly through the tenth part. Part eleven is devoted to Electricity and Horticulture. These parts of a very attractive work are abundantly supplied with processed illustrations, to which the text is really subordinated. The paper is heavy, smooth of finish, and receives the impression well. There are to be twenty-five instalments of the work, which will form, when complete, a highly satisfactory memorial of the great undertaking to which it is devoted.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

There are many editions of Boswell, but for a combination of scholarly editing with inexpensive compactness, the two-volume set just published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. deserves special commendation. Mr. Mowbray Morris is the editor. He has given all of Boswell's notes and a few of his own in addition. The typography is clear and the paper is good, while the price is low enough for most purses.

The "Ariel" Shakespeare (Putnam) has been coming to us in instalments of seven booklets to a box. To the seven "Comedies" and the seven "Histories" previously published must now be added a series of seven "Tragedies" in the same neat form of issue. A second set of seven "Comedies" will soon follow, and the nine plays remaining will appear in due time. The "Poems" will eventually be added to the set, and the "Ariel" Shakespeare will be complete.

We recently noticed the abridgment, by Colonel Alfred Pearson, of the late J. A. Symonds's history of the Italian Renaissance. Our notice had reference to the English edition of that work, and now requires to be supplemented by mention of an American edition (Holt), published in neat form, and at less than half the price of the other. Those who wish to take their Symonds condensed (or perhaps pruned) will do well to possess themselves of this book.

A pretty little volume, of vest-pocket dimensions, with flexible leather covers, of "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus" in Long's translation, has been edited by Mr. Edwin Ginn, and is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. The editorial part of the booklet comprises a preface, biography, an essay on the philosophy of the imperial sage, and an index. The biography and the essay are condensed from Long. A similar edition of Epictetus is promised by Mr. Ginn.

"Hazell's Annual" for 1894 (imported by Scribner) covers the year 1893 up to the close of November, and remains one of the most useful of books for ready reference to topics of current interest. The present issue contains a number of maps, such as Siam, Matabeleland, and the Pamirs; a lot of new biographies, such as Messrs. W. W. Astor, T. F. Bayard, W. E. Henley, William Watson, and Miss Ada Rehan; and timely articles upon such subjects as the Behring Sea question, the Home Rule Bill, Bimetallism, Influenza, and the World's Fair.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. have just published Dr. C. A. Buchheim's school edition of the first four books of Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit." The apparatus

of notes is very full and satisfactory. The same publishers also send us a "Complete Graded Arithmetic," in two volumes, by Mr. George E. Atwood; and, in their "Pedagogical Library," a two-volume treatise, by Mr. George Ricks, on "Object Lessons and How to Give Them." The parts of the two works just mentioned are designed, respectively, for primary and grammar schools.

"The Blind as Seen through Blind Eyes" (Putnam), translated from the French of M. Maurice de la Sizeranne by Dr. F. Park Lewis, gives an excellent idea of the intellectual and moral character of those who have lost their sight, an account of the special methods employed in their education, and a suggestion of the various avenues (more numerous than one would suppose) open to such of them as must become self-supporting. A considerable part of the work is devoted to the life and labors of Valentine Haüy, the French founder of schools for the blind.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. publish an abridged edition of Vigny's "Cinq-Mars" in their series of modern language texts. Mr. Charles Sankey is the editor. The book is cut down to rather less than half-size, and provided with an excellent historical introduction. From Messrs. Ginn & Co. we have "Brigetta," one of Auerbach's "Erzählungen," edited by Dr. J. Howard Gore; and "Popular Science," a volume of French readings edited by Dr. Jules Luquien. The latter work consists of seven chapters, by such writers as MM. Maxime du Camp, C. Flammarion, and E. Réclus.

"The Significance of Names" (Whittaker), by Mr. Leopold Wagner, is a volume of roughly classified and curious information about the proper and other names comprised under such heads as "Nicknames of American States," "Titles of Honor," "Schools of Philosophy," and "Cordials and Beverages." The information given is sometimes astonishing, as when we read of Chicago: "It is called the White City, from the general aspect of its houses and public buildings, and the Windy City, owing to its exposed situation on the margin of a great lake." Other amusing *trouvailles* await the explorer of these pages.

Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge's "The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funeral Archaeology" (Macmillan) is a handsome volume issued by the Cambridge University Press. Its scope is considerably more comprehensive than the title would indicate, for it includes Egyptian history and chronology, and a full account of the forms of Egyptian writing. The story of the Rosetta Stone is told at length, and the conflicting claims of Champollion and Young to the honor of its decipherment are carefully and dispassionately discussed. The work is abundantly illustrated. There are Egyptian gods, pyramids and other monuments, reproductions of notable inscriptions, and lists of hieroglyphs, scarabs, and royal cartouches. The work is thoroughly scientific and up to date.

Under the title "The Evanston Colloquium," Messrs. Macmillan & Co. publish the "Lectures on Mathematics" delivered last summer at the Northwestern University, by Professor Felix Klein, of Göttingen. This course of lectures was given as a sort of annex to the proceedings of the Mathematical Congress given under the auspices of the World's Congress Auxiliary. The lectures are published from a report made by Professor Alexander Ziwet, and are followed by Professor Klein's historical sketch of "The Development of Mathematics at the German Universities." Among the sub-

jects discussed in the lectures are Clebsch and Sophus Lie, ideal numbers, and recent work in the non-Euclidean geometry.

Since Mr. Stevenson published his "Child's Garden of Verse" there has been no such book of rhymes for the little ones as Miss Rossetti's "Sing-Song" (Macmillan). Here is an example:

"The city mouse lives in a house ; —  
The garden mouse lives in a bower,  
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,  
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

"The city mouse eats bread and cheese ;  
The garden mouse eats what he can ;  
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,  
Poor little timid furry man."

The same publishers also send us an illustrated edition of "Goblin Market," Mr. Laurence Housman being the designer. He has happily seized the spirit of that fantastic and remarkable poem.

#### NEW YORK TOPICS.

*New York, Feb. 10, 1894.*

Sundry hints have reached me from time to time to the effect that the brief description, in an earlier letter, of the recently published "Liber Scriptorum" was not sufficient for the purposes of THE DIAL, and I have been asked to review the "Book of the Authors Club" for that journal. Probably the makers of this request scarcely realized its formidable nature. To sit in judgment on the work of one hundred and nine writers, and in a single article at that, is something which even Kit North might have shrunk from doing. Then again, if I am rightly informed, the "Liber Scriptorum" has not been offered for review to any periodical whatever, but the committee in charge of its publication, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, Mr. John D. Champlin, and Mr. George Cary Eggleston, have very gladly shown copies to representatives of papers which have wished to print articles about it. Some description of the volume and its contents is all that can be attempted.

It is now nearly two years since the idea of publishing such a book was first proposed to members of the Club. The suggestion met with immediate favor, but it has taken a great deal of time to obtain the articles contributed, to have the sheets printed and signed by the contributors, to have the hand-made paper manufactured in Holland, and to design and prepare the special binding used. Passing over details mentioned in my former letter, it is perhaps well to say that the completed books, in every feature of printing and binding, are the sole work of the De Vinne Press, the managers of which have spent much time and thought in their preparation. The handsome volumes are bound in dark maroon leather, with gilt tops and uncut edges, and are sold at \$100 each. Most of the edition of 250 copies has been disposed of, and Mr. Henry T. Thomas, the publisher, of 13 Astor Place, New York, who is a personal friend of many members of the Club, has taken charge of the sale of the remainder, thereby relieving the committee of their long trusteeship.

Now, the only practical arrangement of the contributions to such a work is alphabetically, according to the names of the writers. This arrangement gave first place to my friend, Mr. Henry Abbey, the poet, of Kingston, N. Y., who would be very loth to seek such

prominence of his own accord. But he responded nobly to the occasion, and, indeed, has written one of the finest things in the book, a sonnet embodying the sentiment of its writers. I take the liberty of quoting it in full.

#### "TO BAFFLE TIME."

"To baffle time, whose tooth has never rest,  
And make the counted line, from page to page,  
Compact, fulfilled of what is apt and best,  
And vibrant with the key-note of the age,  
This is my aim ; and even aims are things ;  
They give men value who have won no place.  
We pass for what we would be, by some grace,  
And our ambitions make us seem like kings.  
But never yet has destiny's clear star  
For aimless feet shed light upon the way.  
So have I hope, since purpose sees no bar,  
To write immortally some lyric day,  
As Lovelace did when he informed the lay  
Inspired by his Lucasta and the war."

Each author being at liberty to write what he pleases, we find Dr. Felix Adler contributing an interesting study of Sir Thomas More, while Mr. Henry M. Alden, of "Harper's Magazine," has prepared a "fireside study," "Flammaria Mœnia Mundi," in his most mystical vein. It is not surprising to find Mr. Poultney Bigelow writing about "Russian Rule as It Is Felt by Ten Millions of the Unorthodox," and no one will look for complimentary references to Russia and the Russians in such an article. It contains some of his interesting personal experiences while in Poland. From San Francisco, Mr. John Vance Cheney sends a dainty little poem, "Noon in the Hills," while Major Joseph Kirkland tells the story of Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable, whose identity need not be explained to Chicagoans. From England Mr. Harold Frederic and Mr. Henry Harland contribute a story and a poem respectively. Mr. Harland's poem, entitled "The King's Touch," is quite Browningesque in style, and is the first from his pen which I remember to have seen. Poems by Colonel Hay, Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Howells lend to the distinction of the volume, and a pathetic story by Mark Twain, "The Californian's Tale," shows how completely each contributor has followed his own impulse in writing for "Liber Scriptorum," rather than the expectation of the reader.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie gives free play to his delicate fancy in "My Search for the Goddess," following next to Dr. Ludlow's sketch, "Afloat on the Aegean." Prof. Josiah Royce contributes a long and thoughtful essay on "Tolstoy and the Unseen Moral Order." Some of the lighter articles are Mr. Warner's "Literature in a Dress Suit," Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "How to Train Our Wives and Children," and Mr. Stockton's "Pomona's Club." Pomona is made to preach so clever a sermon on a burning literary question of the day that I cannot forbear quoting the most of it.

"The human race [Pomona says] is divided into women and men, and literature is divided into romanticism and realistics. And the great trouble with both of them is that sometimes there is too much of one and not enough of the other. Everybody knows that we can't git along without realistics, — that is, a certain amount of 'em; but if a boy puts too much rag-tag and bobtail to his kite, he can't make it fly. There's times when you might git a kite up into the air without any tail, though it would be apt to spin about in an uncertain way. But nobody could make a tail fly without any kite.

"In my opinion, the worst thing about facts is that they are too common. Everybody's got 'em piled up around 'em and all over the ground. . . .

"But when the beautiful snows of romanticism come floatin' down and cover up all them facts, and spread a lovely white veil, like the icin' on a pound-cake, over all nature and art, then them facts is of some use; they make a foundation for the snow and keep it from blowin' away. And what was perfectly horrid a little while ago becomes like dazlin' mounds, and domes, and minarets a-sparklin' in the sun."

Bravo, Pomona! One question is settled at last. I half forgot whether your views coincide with those of Mr. Howells or with those of Mr. Quiller-Couch. It must be one or the other, for Pomona never takes middle ground with anyone or anything, be it lightning-rod peddlers or literature. On second thoughts, it must be Quiller-Couch.

It is, then, only possible to mention a few of the contributors to "Liber Scriptorum." They have cheerfully done their part, in the hope that a sufficient fund might be obtained to provide their democratic little organization with permanent quarters. Their expectation is about to be realized. The Authors Club is now in a most flourishing condition, and those who founded it and held to it during its early progress have been rewarded by the great benefits resulting to the writing guild in social and even professional directions.

The original manuscripts of all the articles contributed to "Liber Scriptorum" have been laid in uniform sheets, and bound up in three large volumes in crushed Levant morocco. They have been on exhibition all this week in Tiffany's window, Union Square, and have attracted crowds of people all day long, being opened at the autographs of some of the best known writers. The three volumes will be sold, as one lot, to the highest bidder.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Walter Besant is soon to publish two volumes of miscellaneous papers, entitled, respectively, "Literary Essays" and "Social Essays."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Marcella," will appear very soon. The author's recent illness has prevented earlier publication of the work.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish early in March a work by Mr. Edward Porritt, of London, on the various departments of the municipal and national life of England. It bears the comprehensive title of "The Englishman at Home: His Responsibilities and Privileges."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they are now printing the seventh thousand of the authorized American edition of Miss Harraden's clever story, "Ships that Pass in the Night." Of the English edition, over 17,000 copies have been sold. To meet the popular demand for the book, Messrs. Putnam propose to issue immediately a railroad edition in paper covers.

The London "Atheneum," summing up the English literature of 1893, remarks that the year has been "given over almost entirely to the younger writers, who have discovered one another throughout its course with unanimous and touching enthusiasm. The older men have been silent, while the juniors have enjoyed the distinction of limited editions and the luxury of large sales."

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. will publish some time in March the first number of a quarterly magazine of bibliography. It will consist of a series of papers by writers of authority on various points of book-lore. A

novel departure has been taken in fixing beforehand that the magazine is only to last for three years, ending, no matter what its success, with the appearance of the twelfth number in December, 1896. Subscribers will thus know from the first when their set will be complete.

It is stated by a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" that the editorship of the new "Revue de Paris" was offered to M. Brunetière before he was elected by the stockholders of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." His election was opposed by M. Pailleron, who has even threatened legal proceedings to oust him. M. Brunetière was elected by the influence of Mme. Buloz. M. Pailleron, who is a son-in-law of Mme. Buloz, wished the novelist, M. Victor Cherbuliez, to occupy the editorial chair of the great semi-monthly.

According to "The Bookman," there is to be a "Keats" Shelley. Mr. Morris has consented to print an edition of the poet's works, which will be arranged and edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis, whose edition of Keats has just been completed for the press. The "Shelley" is to be issued in three volumes, which will contain the whole of the longer works, together with most of the lyrics and other minor poems. Mr. Ellis intends to omit all the translations and comicalities (such as "Peter Bell" and "Swellfoot the Tyrant"), and also the fragments and unfinished work generally.

The Trustees of the Columbia University Press have made an arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. of New York and London to act as the publishers of the Press for a term of years. By this arrangement the works which shall bear the imprint of the Columbia University Press will profit by the unusually ample facilities of distribution possessed by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., not only in the United States and Great Britain, but also on the continent of Europe and in the British colonies. It is to be noted also that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have recently published or have now in preparation works by a number of Columbia instructors, including Professor Boyesen, Professor Cattell, Dr. Egbert, Prof. Brander Matthews, Professor Perry, and others.

#### MR. LESLIE STEPHEN ON MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Mr. Leslie Stephen's recent article on Matthew Arnold, in "The National Review," we make the following pithy extract:

"Putting on a mask, sometimes of levity, sometimes of mere literary dandyism, with an irony which sometimes is a little too elaborate, but which often expresses the keenest intelligence trying to pass itself off as simplicity, he was a skirmisher, but a skirmisher who did more than most heavily-armed warriors against the vast oppressive reign of stupidity and prejudice. He made the old dragon Philistine (to use his phrase) wince at times, and showed the ugliness and clumsiness of the creature; and after all he did it in a spirit as of one who recognized the monster was after all a most kindly monster at bottom. He may be enlisted in useful service if you can only apply the goad successfully; and made effective, in his ponderous way, like the Carthaginian elephant, if only you can mount his neck and goad him in the right direction. No single arm is sufficient for such a task; the dragon shakes himself and goes to sleep again in a stertorous and rather less complacent fashion, let us hope! and we feel that the struggle will too probably endure till we have ceased to be personally interested."

"I cannot, indeed, get it out of my head that we

slow-footed and prosaic persons sometimes make our ground surer; and that, for example, poor Bishop Colenso, whom Arnold ridiculed as the typical Philistine critic, did some good service with his prosaic arithmetic. There are cases in which the four rules are better than the finest critical insight. But there is room for poets as well as for arithmeticians; and Arnold, as at once poet and critic, has the special gift—if I may trust my own experience—of making one feel silly and tasteless when one has uttered a narrow-minded, crude, or ungenerous sentiment; and I dip into his writings to receive a shock, unpleasant at times, but excellent in its effects as an intellectual tonic."

THE DUTY ON BOOKS: A LETTER FROM HON.  
WILLIAM EVERETT, M. C.

The House of Representatives having failed to respond to the appeal made by the educated classes for the removal of the stupid duty on imported English books, the missionary efforts of the friends of culture should now be directed upon the Senate, and it is yet quite possible that the reform may be accomplished. Meanwhile, the following letter addressed to President Gates of Amherst College by Dr. William Everett will be found interesting. Dr. Everett took an active part in urging upon the Ways and Means Committee the desirability of the reform, and stood sponsor for a large number of THE DIAL's petitioners, among whom were President Gates and the faculty of Amherst.

*President Merrill E. Gates, LL.D., Amherst College, Mass.:*

"MY DEAR SIR: I had the honor to present to the House of Representatives, for the consideration of the committee on ways and means, the petition of yourself and your associates for the removal of the duty on books printed wholly or in part in the English language. Similar petitions came in through myself and others, from many universities and colleges, and from individuals of the first consideration who understand the interests of literature and education. I am absolutely in sympathy with the petition. I called the attention of more than one member of the committee on ways and means to the propriety of removing what, with you, I consider an inexorable burden on a heavily burdened and ill-paid class. I had hoped to see free books in the bill; I dwelt on the subject in my speech; and I duly filed with the chairman of the committee of the whole an amendment in accordance with your petition. I am sorry that this and others could not have been presented at an earlier stage, though I am afraid its success was problematical.

"There was one fortnight devoted to amendments, as the chairman recognized their proposers. Far the greater part of this time was absorbed in lengthy discussions on amendments offered by the committee on ways and means. The rest of the time was given, after eager competition, to the representatives of various important industrial interests, who felt that their constituents were injured by the bill as it stood. The chairman was anxious to be perfectly fair in recognizing the proposers of amendments; but their number was beyond satisfactory arrangement. I found very early that it was almost impossible for me to get in the amendment for free books in time—and so it ultimately proved. Even if I had got it in, it would have been subject to serious opposition from influential quarters. That I should have been willing to try to overcome; but I saw more than one amendment, boldly and skilfully sup-

ported, fall before the simple opposition of the committee on ways and means, who admitted the force of the argument, but declared that after careful consideration they believed the duty should be retained. Under the circumstances, I was obliged, slowly and painfully, to renounce the hope of presenting and advocating the claims of my own guild—a set of quiet modest men and women, scattered all over the country, working under heavy burdens for inadequate pay, and yet with this extra burden on what are for them the tools of trade.

"I trust you will not fail in pressing the objects of your petition in all public and private ways, and I can assure you of my sympathy, which shall take a practical form at every moment that I see a practical opening. Most respectfully yours,

WILLIAM EVERETT."

ELABORATION IN POETIC ART.

A recent critique, by Mr. Theodore Watts, in "The Athenaeum," includes the following considerations upon the *labor limeæ* of the poet: "The subject of elaboration in poetic art, especially by Rossetti and Tennyson, remains still to be adequately handled by the poetic critic. Improvisatorial poetry, so easy in Italian, is impossible in a language so rich in rhyme-emphasis, and yet so comparatively restricted in rhymes, as English. But while it may be said that in English the warring between the emphasis natural to the rhymed structure and the emphasis natural to the subject-matter of the poem cannot be appeased offhand, it must also be said that the very cause which makes it more difficult to rhyme in English than in Italian is really one of the causes of the superiority of English rhyming over Italian rhyming. In Italian, where so many of the words rhyme with each other, the rhyme lends none of that sting to the thing said which is lent by English rhyme. It was this stinging effect of the rhyme-emphasis of English poetry which gave Chaucer his advantage over Langland's work in the great struggle between the scansion of alliterative bars and the scansion of the rhyme-pause which we have before alluded to. No good rhymed verse can exist in English, however, without more or less elaboration on the part of the poet. It is mainly in their methods of manipulation that poets differ in this matter. And it would be easy to show that in this respect English poets have to be divided into three classes: those who elaborate the material in their own minds, and bring it to perfection, or almost to perfection, before setting down the words on paper; those who jot down their verses in the rough, but begin to change them before ever the ink is dry; and those whose elaborations are mainly effected after the verses have passed into type. To some poets the sight of their verses in manuscript produces that sense of finality which to others only comes by the sight of their verses in type. To others, again, not even type itself produces the sense of finality.

"The nearest approach to improvisatorial work was that of Byron; but then, great as was Byron's poetic energy, his verses are so loose that, as regards the merely artistic qualities, they are not much more than poetry in solution. Judging from what we know of the rarest fruit of the genius of Keats, the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' Keats seems to have belonged to those who have the power of elaborating the verses in the mind and then rolling them over the tongue, so to speak, before setting them down on paper. But spontaneous as seems this glorious ode, no one will contend that it has more apparent spontaneity than Shelley's 'Ode to

the West Wind' or his 'Skylark,' and yet if Shelley were to be judged by the state of some of the manuscript he left behind he would be ranged among the least spontaneous of poets. Dr. Garnett tells us of entire sheets of manuscript so cut about that in some cases one line only would be finally left to stand upon a page. From this it would appear that while in Keats's case the passage of the line or sequence from its first crude form to perfection was partly achieved in the poet's brain before the pen was taken in hand, in Shelley's case this process went on during the very act of writing.

"There is, however, as we have hinted above, a third class of poets to whom neither manuscript nor type has any suggestion of finality, and to this class Rossetti belonged. Although he did undoubtedly make alterations in his verses while in manuscript, it was when they lay before him in the sharpness of type that he saw how far from, or how near to, his ideal of poetic expression he had brought himself. And yet, howsoever great had been the corrections he had introduced in his proofs, the printed page never did suggest finality to him. From the first appearance of 'Sister Helen,' when the poet was not much more than a boy, down to the year preceding that of his death, the ballad was subject to changes. And in this, as in certain other matters, he was like Coleridge, that his changes were almost always improvements."

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS. February, 1894 (Second List).

- American Experiences. Emil Frey. *North American*.  
 Architecture, Past and Future. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial* (Feb. 16).  
 Arnold, Matthew, Poetic Characteristics. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Books, Uses of. *Dial* (Feb. 16).  
 Brazilian Rebellion, The. S. de Mendonça. *No. American*.  
 Browning, Religion in. M. J. Savage. *Arena*.  
 Burne-Jones, Edward. Illus. Cosmo Monkhouse. *Scribner*.  
 Dress for Women. A Symposium. Illus. *Arena*.  
 Eliot, George, Unpublished Letters of. *Poet-Lore*.  
 English at Columbia College. Brander Matthews. *Dial* (16).  
 Espinasse, Francis, Recollections of. *Dial* (Feb. 16).  
 Gliding Flight. Illus. L. P. Mouillard. *Cosmopolitan*.  
 Greek Poetry and Life. Paul Shorey. *Dial* (Feb. 16).  
 Income Tax in England. Sir John Lubbock. *No. American*.  
 Indian Wars and Warriors. Illus. Elaine Eastman. *Cosmopolitan*.  
 Journalism and Literature. Margaret Deland. *No. American*.  
 Land Question and Other Reforms. J. G. Bellangue. *Arena*.  
 Lowell on Art-Principles. Ferris Lockwood. *Scribner*.  
 Lower Animals, Senses of. James Weir, Jr. *No. American*.  
 Money, Honest and Dishonest. John Davis, M.C. *Arena*.  
 Municipal Reforms. Dr. Parkhurst, J. W. Goff. *No. American*.  
 National Budgets. *Review of Reviews*.  
 New Bible, The. Washington Gladden. *Arena*.  
 Orchids. Illus. W. A. Stiles. *Scribner*.  
 Perfume Worship. Illus. Esther Singleton. *Cosmopolitan*.  
 Piratical Seas, On. Peter A. Grotjan. *Scribner*.  
 Plutocracy, Are We a? W. D. Howells. *No. American*.  
 Plutocratic City, A. Illus. W. D. Howells. *Cosmopolitan*.  
 Poets and Environment. E. Vicars. *Poet-Lore*.  
 School-Masters. Illus. James Baldwin. *Scribner*.  
 Sea Island Hurricanes, The. Illus. Joel C. Harris. *Scribner*.  
 Serinagur, The Adepts of. H. Hensoldt. *Arena*.  
 Travel, Recent. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial* (Feb. 16).  
 Tyndall, John. Illus. Grant Allen. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Unemployed, How to Help. Henry George. *No. American*.  
 Unemployed, Relief of. Albert Shaw. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Warship, Building a. Illus. W. A. Dobson. *Cosmopolitan*.  
 Washington National Park. Illus. Carl Snyder. *Rev. of Rev.*  
 Whitman and his Art. John Burroughs. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Wilson Bill. Senator R. Q. Mills. *North American*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

#### ART.

Illustrations to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. By Walter Crane; engraved and printed by Duncan C. Dallis. Portfolio, plates 13 x 11. Copeland & Day. \$6.

#### HISTORY.

A History of Germany from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Bayard Taylor. With an additional chapter by Marie Hansen-Taylor. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 476. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

General Scott. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 349. Appletons' "Great Commanders." \$1.50.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative of the Events of his Life. By James Dykes Campbell. With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 319. Macmillan & Co. \$3.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

Charles Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare. Edited anew by Israel Gollancz, M.A. In 2 vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$4.

The Skeptics of the French Renaissance. By John Owen, author of "Evenings with the Skeptics." 8vo, pp. 830. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.

The Writings of Thomas Paine. Collected and edited by Maurice D. Conway, author of "The Life of Thomas Paine." Vol. I. 1774-1779. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 445. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The Longer Prose Works of Landor. Edited by C. G. Cramp. Vol. 2, with portrait, 12mo, pp. 360, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

#### POETRY.

Poems by Richard Garnet. 12mo, pp. 172, uncut. Cope-land & Day.

#### FICTION.

Two Lives. By Richard Fanahawke. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 180. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

The Greater Glory: A Story of High Life. By Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool." 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Earlcourt: A Novel of Provincial Life. By Alexander Allardyce, author of "Balmoral." 16mo, pp. 357. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

Ships That Pass in the Night. By Beatrice Harraden. 18mo, pp. 235. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

The Woman of the Iron Bracelets. By Frank Barrett, author of "Folly Morrison." 16mo, pp. 433. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. \$1.

A Chronicle of Small Beer. By John Reid. 16mo, pp. 208. New York: Anglo-American Pub'g Co. \$1.

Sylvie and Bruno Concluded. By Louis Carroll. Illus., 12mo, pp. 423. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

Quentin Durward. By Sir Walter Scott. Dryburgh edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 461. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

#### NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: The Swing of the Pendulum, by Francis Mary Peard. 12mo, pp. 307. 50 cts.

Longman's Paper Library: Keith Deramore, by the author of "Miss Molly." 16mo, pp. 379. 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series: Countess Dynar; or, Polish Blood. By Nataly von Eschstruth. Illus., 16mo, pp. 367. 50 cts.

#### SCIENCE.

Electric Waves: Being Researches on the Propagation of Electric Action with Finite Velocity through Space. By Dr. Heinrich Hertz; trans. by D. E. Jones, B.Sc. 8vo, uncut, pp. 279. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

An Introduction to the Elements of Science. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S., author of "Types of Animal Life." Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 392. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2.

**The Fauna of the Deep Sea.** By Sidney J. Hickox, M.A. Illus., 16mo, pp. 160. Appleton's "Modern Science Series." \$1.

#### POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.

**The Union Pacific Railway: A Study in Railway Politics, History and Economics.** By John P. Davis, A.M. 12mo, pp. 247. S. C. Griggs & Co. \$2.

**Significance of the Frontier in American History.** By F. J. Turner, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 35, pamphlet. Wisconsin Historical Soc'y.

**Elective Franchise in Wisconsin.** By Florence E. Baker, A.B. 8vo, pp. 18, pamphlet. Wis. Historical Soc'y.

**Financial History of Wisconsin Territory.** By Matthew Brown Hammond, M.L. 8vo, pp. 37, pamphlet. Wis. Historical Soc'y.

#### RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

**The World's Parliament of Religions, held in Connection with the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.** Edited by the Rev. J. H. Barrows, D.D. 2 vols., illus., 8vo. Chicago: Parliament Pub'g Co.

**The World's Congress of Religions.** With an introduction by Minot J. Savage. 16mo, pp. 428. Arena Pub'g Co. \$1.25.

**Theosophy or Christianity? A Contrast.** By Rev. I. M. Holdeman. 16mo, pp. 52. Crosscup & Co.

**What Do We Stand For?** By Felix Adler. 16mo, pp. 15. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. 10 cts.

#### EDUCATION.—BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

**The University Library and the University Curriculum.** By William F. Poole, LL.D. 16mo, pp. 55. F. H. Revell Co.

**Education in Delaware.** By Lyman P. Powell, A.B. Illus., 8vo, pp. 186, paper. Govt' Printing Office.

**A History of Mathematics.** By Florian Cajori. 12mo, uncut, pp. 422. Macmillan & Co. \$3.

**Elements of English Grammar.** By Alfred S. West, M.A. 18mo, pp. 286. Macmillan & Co. 60 cts.

**Guide to the Study of Common Plants: An Introduction to Botany.** By Volney M. Spalding. 16mo, pp. 246. D. C. Heath & Co. 85 cts.

**College Preparatory French Grammar.** By Chas. P. Du Croquet. 12mo, pp. 284. W. R. Jenkins.

**Manuel de la Littérature Française.** Par A. de Rougemont, A.M. 12mo, pp. 398. W. R. Jenkins.

**Scheffel's Ekkehard.** Edited, with notes, by Carla Wenckebach. 16mo, pp. 235. D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cts.

**Die Deutschen Heldenägen.** Von Gotthold Klee. Edited, with notes, by H. J. Wolstenholme, B.A. 18mo, pp. 172. Macmillan & Co. 70 cts.

**Louis XI: Tragedie par Casimir Delavigne.** Edited, with notes, by H. W. Eve, M.A. 18mo, pp. 261. Macmillan & Co. 50 cts.

**Colomba.** By Prosper Mérimée. Edited, with notes, by Arthur R. Ropes, M.A. 18mo, pp. 199. Macmillan & Co. 50 cts.

**Das Spielmannskind.** By Von Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl. Edited, with notes, by Abbie Pike Eaton. 16mo, pp. 91. D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cts.

#### REFERENCE.

**The Orthoëpist: A Pronouncing Manual.** By Alfred Ayres. New and revised edition, 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 292. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

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